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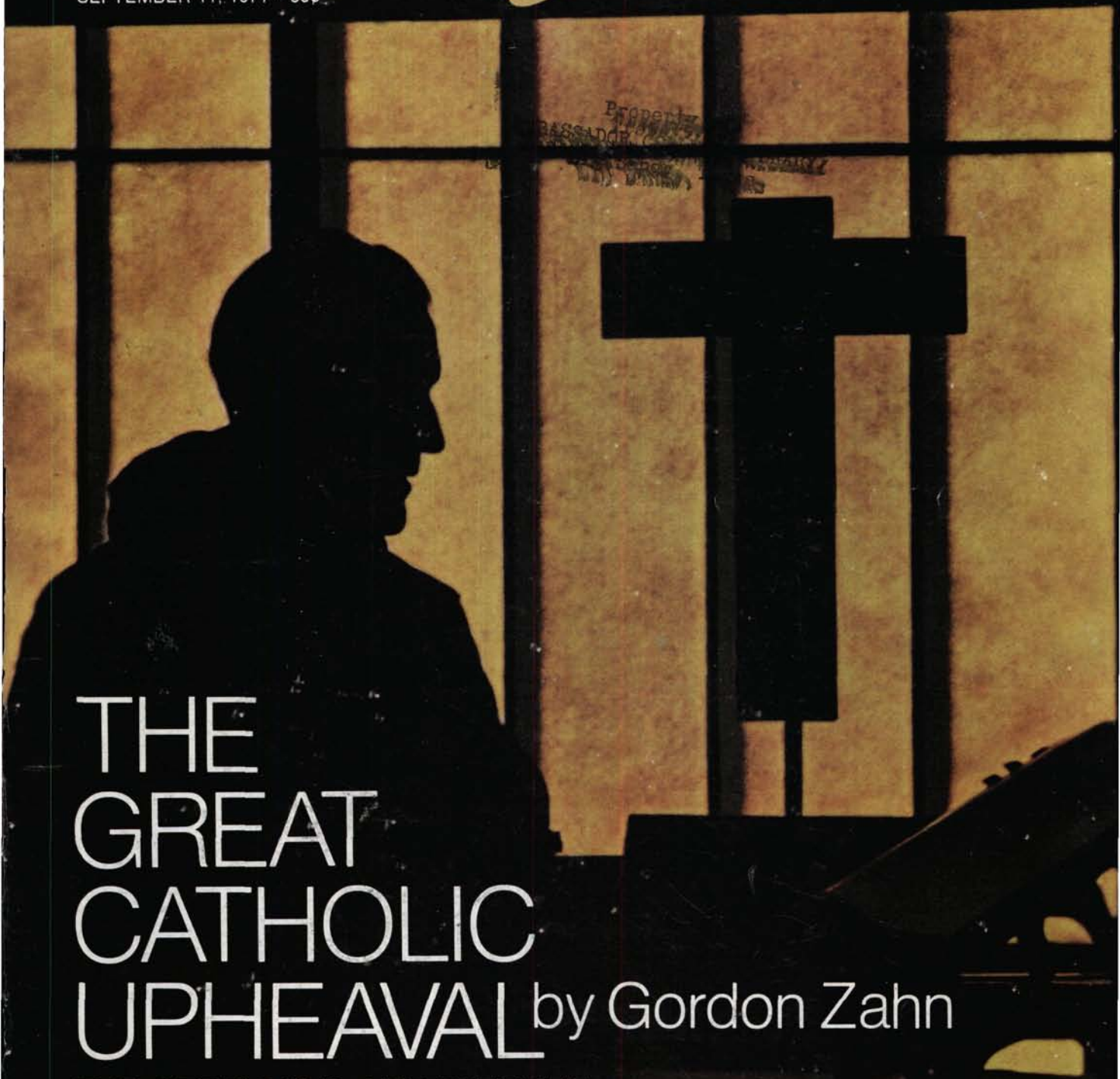
Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 11, 1971 • 50¢



THE GREAT CATHOLIC UPHEAVAL

by Gordon Zahn

THE BERRIGANS ARE EXTREME, BUT THEY SAY SOMETHING ABOUT A POWERFUL NEW ANTI-WAR FORCE WITHIN WORLD CATHOLICISM

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Reaching Kids Is Child's Play

So NBC has worked out a program that lets kids play it their way. It's a live program during which youngsters themselves decide what goes out on the air. It's called Take A Giant Step and this is the way it works.

Each week, some young teenagers take a close look at one or another of the elements of everyday life—elements like food or money or machines. Having been exposed to all sorts of pertinent information in advance (Scholastic Magazine supervises the research), they share, on the air, what they've come to feel about the subject. Spontaneously.

To help them get their points across, the youngsters have control of an overhead screen primed with film, video-tape, photos and art-work (much of it created by children) on the day's topic. They can call for this or that to be run, whenever they think a given piece clarifies what they're getting at. (Cartoon vignettes and musical groups are also on stand-by.)

Scheduled for Saturday morning's peak viewing hour (10:30-11:30 NYT), the program—a National Education Association participating series—is part of a lineup, starting September 11, that includes brand-new experiments by Mr. Wizard on his justly famous science show, and also Barrier Reef, a new adventure series that features unique undersea photography.

Take A Giant Step *is* a giant step, a key part of NBC's three-year program to markedly upgrade television for children. The hour is an experiment, something entirely new and unconventional. If it works, the results could be liberating. And if it doesn't? Well, NBC figures it will lose far less than if it hadn't tried.

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September 11, 1971

Saturday Review

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The Great Catholic Upheaval

by Gordon Zahn

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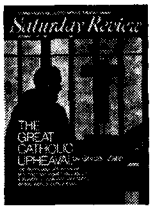

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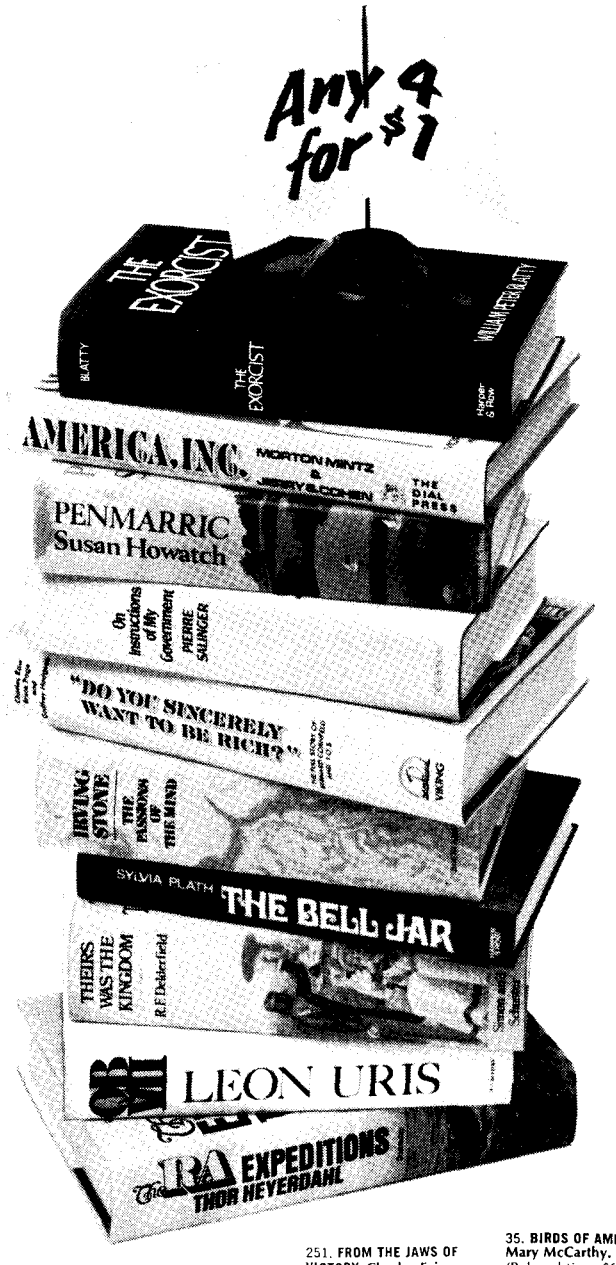

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Viewer

WE ARE NOW in the third era of big-time television. It was only yesteryear when crowds gathered every Tuesday night before shops that displayed a new gadget called a TV set. It was a rectangular box with a small window that lit up, and when a voice hollered "Makeup!" they roared with laughter as Uncle Miltie was slapped across his face by a huge powder puff. And Milton Berle became Mr. Television.

In the era that followed, everyone loved Lucy, who introduced pregnancy to TV. And that same crowd rushed home to midwife her firstborn and to laugh hilariously at the communication problem Lucy was having with her Cuban husband. Lucille Ball became Mrs. Television.

The third era began last year, when the crowd was enchanted by a new and mischievous TV star, who excused his every peccadillo by unashamedly announcing, "The devil made me do it." His grace and rhythmic style lent themselves to every character he played—from a man selling his friend a beat-up car, to a church deacon overstocked with human frailties—and, when called upon, he could be wildly glamorous. Flip Wilson became Miss Television.

For this viewer, this has been the spring and summer of my discontent. Television reached its nadir. Even for television. Repeats, and repeats, and repeats of repeats. You know why they have so many repeats? Because in television, especially in what passes for entertainment, everything is so forgettable.

Except of course the enjoyable repeats of *All in the Family, The Mary Tyler Moore Show,* and Flip Wilson. They bear repeating. Otherwise, there was only one exciting week of TV. But how often can you send men to the moon? What with fares at $425-million a round trip and no economy class.

Now, in a week or two, we can expect a new season of promised, pleasurable entertainment. Anything after this summer will seem pleasurable. But there are a couple of irritating items I hope the networks will straighten out, so TV viewing can become less of a harassment.

ITEM: Roman Gabriel, football star, shows up on one of those pretaped talk shows. I watched this program on July 27. The hostess asks Roman Gabriel when he will have to report for training for the coming season. Roman replies: "July thirteenth."

This program was probably pretaped on June 30, when July 13 seemed light-years away. Gabriel's statement only tends to confuse the viewer and leads him to believe that this quarterback is already two weeks late getting into shape—and don't make any bets on the Rams this fall.

That kind of shoddy editing could easily have been caught by a network vice president in charge of shoddy editing. It comes up time and again. An actress tells the host she will start rehearsing for a Broadway play three weeks ago, or a singer announces she is going to London where she will make a TV special last Tuesday.

ITEM: The time-wasters. These are the endless and tiresome scenes of cars racing along highways. Thousands of miles of film show the good guy in his car racing to the airport to prevent the crook with the loot or the secret formula from boarding a plane to Mexico, or South America, or Switzerland. See *Mannix, Ironside, The FBI,* and the like.

What we should see is the good guy getting into his car, and then in the next shot the car arriving at the airport. But no. The cameraman, who has been cooped up indoors shooting scenes of the plotters and counter-plotters, goes stir crazy. When he gets outdoors we see the car careening around corners on screeching wheels, along interminable stretches of monotonous freeways.

When the car gets closer to the airport, the cameraman now shows us a long shot of two planes taking off. These planes have nothing to do with the story. This shot is only to indicate that this is indeed an airport. Finally we see the car arriving at what we now know is definitely an airport.

Please, networks. We're all getting carsick. And what you save on gas and tires, you can pay to a writer for a little additional dialogue to replace all those highways, and still have enough left over to make a stop at a comfort station.

If you do, we'll even forgive all the repeats. Although I will miss my favorite summer commercial—the one that offered a dog collar, specially treated, to "kill fleas for ninety days." I will never know how they accomplished that resurrection.

"I'm going to have to insist on less eclectic lineups."

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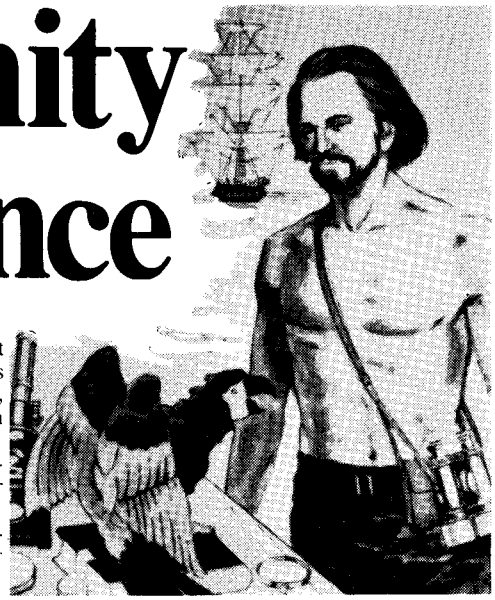
The day humanity lost its innocence



On a lonely island in the Pacific, one day in 1835 humanity lost its innocence—for it was then that Charles Darwin's Theory of Evolution was born. And when, years later, he unleashed upon an unsuspecting world his bold idea that all living creatures, including man, had descended from a common ancestor, it became impossible for man ever again to look upon himself as he had for the previous five thousand years!

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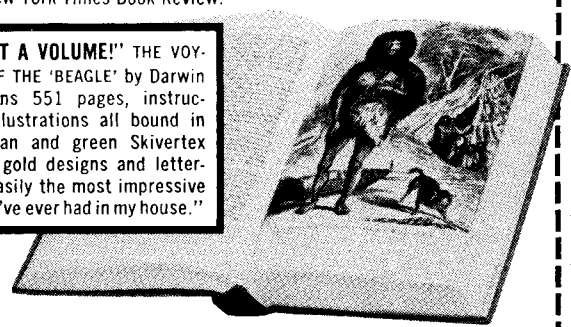

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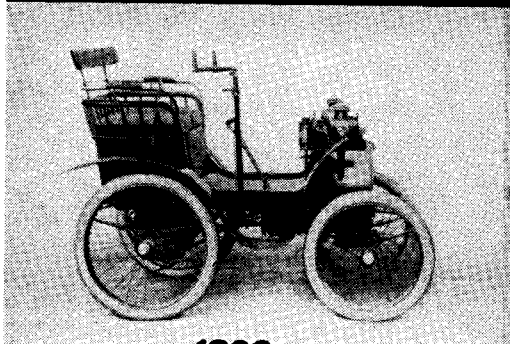
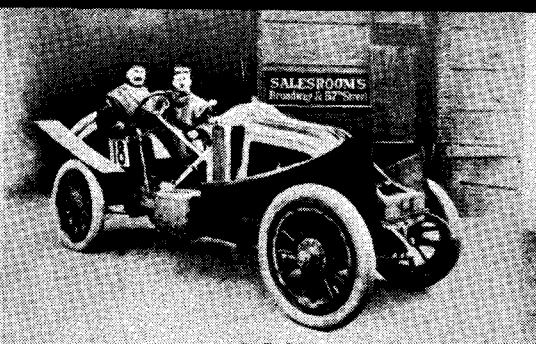


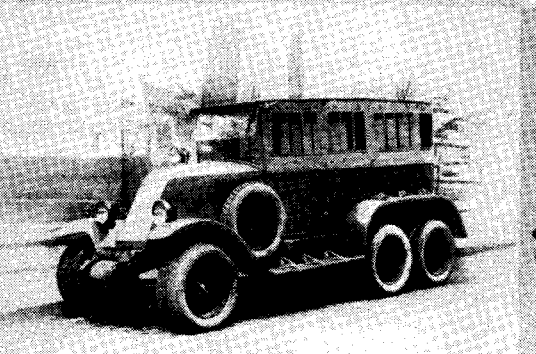
1898.
The Renault that started it all. (Before the Model T was a gleam in Henry's eye.)



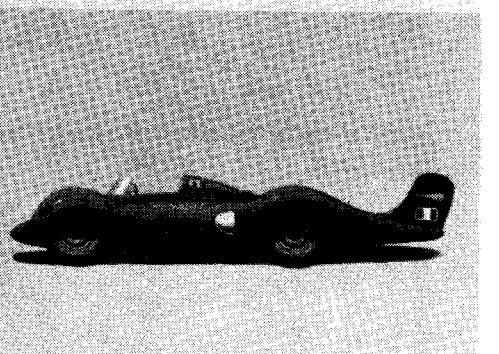
1909.
The Renault that won the New York 24-hour race. We get off to good start in America.

1916.
The Renault that worried the Red Baron. (1930: we are world's largest maker of aircraft engines.)

1918.
The Renault that turned the tide in the trenches. Even Renault workers got citations.



1924.
The Renault that made the first motor crossing of the Sahara.



1956.
The Renault that set a world's speed record at famous Salt Lake City flats.

1966.
The Renault 10 arrives in U.S.A. It gets up to 35 mpg and gains a very solid following.

1968.
The front-wheel drive Renault 16 arrives. But not before winning "Car of the Year" in Europe.

1971.
Renault Alpines take 1st, 2nd, 3rd in Monte Carlo against cars like Lancia and Porsche.

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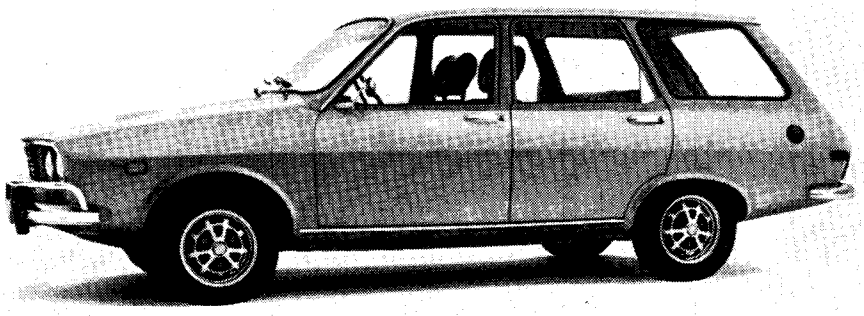

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Open Letter to the New Voters

ALL RIGHT, you pure unfettered souls over there on the other side of the generation abyss—you have the vote now. Come election time, you are entitled to walk into the polling booth, to close the curtains behind you, and to push the levers in the confessional of the democratic idea. The teachers of my youth were idealistic about that lever-pushing ritual. I was taught that it would summon forth an inviolable decision (something like papal infallibility, I decided) that is called "the will of the people." There is a resonance to that phrase. Teachers, I suspect, may still be moved by that resonance.

In practical fact, the people are allowed to express their will only within professionally set limits. As in a supermarket, what is available is generally pre-packaged. You may not want exactly the amount in the package. You may not want exactly the brands being offered. There may even be some deceit in the labeling. Or you may be required to buy what you don't really want in tandem with what you are more or less willing to settle for. The manager will, of course, defend the labeling and the packaging. He will not split the packages for you. And he can stock only those brands the corporation sends him. You may insist on going to an independent grocer who caters to Third and Splinter parties, but with the competition what it is he can stock only limited items, never enough for a full diet, and the price is high for his off brands.

Had the packagers for the last Presidential election for example offered a Muskie-Humphrey instead of the Humphrey-Muskie one they insisted on marketing, the will of the people might have dictated a different Presidential diet today. I for one, in the forlorn booth of the ritual, voted for Muskie but not for Humphrey. I knew it was an unsplittable package. I wasn't buying but protesting. I was resigned to going hungry for four more years. The best I could hope was that my lonely vote might join with enough other lonely votes to inform the packagers, in convention assembled, that there was a market for a changed label.

All eleven million of you new voters between eighteen and twenty-one might just turn out to be that market the packagers cannot ignore. You have enough votes to swing almost any Presidential election. You don't have—nor have I—the power to decide the Presidential package that will be offered. Yet, if what is put on the ballot—as seems most likely—is a Muskie-X brand versus a Nixon-X brand, you have more than enough votes to swing the balance and to decide, within the limits offered, who shall be President of the United States from 1973 to 1977.

You may feel that there is no ideal choice in what is offered. In 1948 I felt so strongly about the pre-packaged choice between Truman and Dewey that I joined a third party and campaigned every night of the week, and sometimes on Sundays, for Henry Wallace—campaigned so hard that I began to travel with Wallace as a minor fund raiser. As a reward for my labors I was allowed to meet Wallace occasionally and to talk with him. Bit by bit, as I studied the man, I began to feel he would have made a great professor for a course in Thoreau and Emerson, but that as President of the United States he would be a disaster. I had attended the national convention of the Progressive Party in Philadelphia, and I had been left a bit uneasy by the way some things had been railroaded through by what I half-suspected was a Communist steering committee. It was, however, a central principle of the Progressive Party to resist Red-baiting, and I had been conditioned by my devotion to that principle.

By mid-September, my convention doubts reawakened by a new awareness of Wallace as a man, I began to suspect I had made a bad choice, that the Progressive Party for all its stated intentions was a tool of the Communist Party, and that Wallace was, at best, a good man duped by ambition, which is to say, finally, a small man. Doubt still had to fight the fervor of habituated conviction. Between the day my doubts started nagging and Election Day, I was still committed to many public appearances I could not bring myself to cancel. I still believed I could confront my doubts and grow surer of what I was doing. And, if I did reach such a decision, how could I justify having made a public break with Wallace and the Progresive Party?

I continued to stump and spout in an agony of indecision right up to Election Day. It was only in the confessional of the voting booth with the curtains drawn behind me that I pushed the lever for Truman and went home forever from political campaigning.

I am trying to tell you, young ladies and gentlemen of the newly minted

(Continued on page 13)

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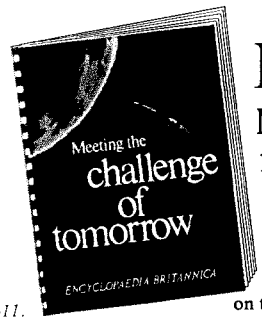

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Manner of Speaking

Continued from page 8

electorate, that the act of voting calls for more than bright eyes, bushy tails, and a head full of nutty dreams, and I speak as one who has dreamed his own, and perhaps nuttier than most. The chances are you will never be offered a candidate who is 100 per cent your soul's choice. In politics the difference between 50.001 per cent and 49.999 per cent is 100 per cent of the election. True, when the division of opinion is that close, people tend to stay away from the polls. Staying away is the one thing you must not do. If the difference in your own minds is as little as one-one hundred thousandth of a percentage point, you must still vote it. That does work out to be hard voting, but you will have to learn that it is seldom as easy as uncommitted idealism would have it.

Presidential elections aside, your hardest voting will still occur at the local level, and on that part of the ballot where you are asked to approve or disapprove public expenditures for social programs, for there, in the name of the public good, you will be voting money out of your own pocket.

And your pocket will know it. In 1960 there were approximately four people between the ages of twenty-one and sixty-five for every one person under twenty-one and every one person over sixty-five. That middle group is made up of primary taxpayers. The over and under groups are made up of primary tax benefit recipients (school budgets, youth programs, and old-age programs). By 1980 that distribution will have changed from 1:4:1 to 1:1:1.2. These, in round terms, are figures compiled by the New Jersey state Department of Education. Where there were once four primary taxpayers as a base for two primary tax benefit recipients, one taxpayer will have to be the base for aproximately 2.2 tax benefit recipients. It will be roughly five times more expensive to be a liberal in 1980 than it was to be one in 1960.

There, friends, is the test of your social idealism. By 1980 you will be just about at the point of balancing taxes, mortgage payments, installments, maternity bills, and eating money on the head of one pin-point paycheck. A few years later you will probably be out of the maternity ward and into children's wear with some dark thought about nest-egging money for teeth-straightening and college tuitions. The process is called parenthood, and with a wary eye on the population explosion, I do recommend it. But some sizable parts of the process do force the parents so hooded to worry about money. It is an honorable and a loving worry. It is also one that voters take to the polls with them. At the polls the worried voter is then asked to vote for or against a social idealism that will increase his taxes. But can he—so he asks himself—stand one more increase for any reason?

This crossing of purposes may explain, in part, why your parents so often seem to be such socially tight-fisted old fogies. It may, in time, explain why you end up like them, only more so.

No, you haven't failed the test. I simply remind you that there is this test and that you haven't taken it yet. Pass it with your social idealisms still flying, and I am your admirer. But don't ask for my admiration yet. Pass the test first.

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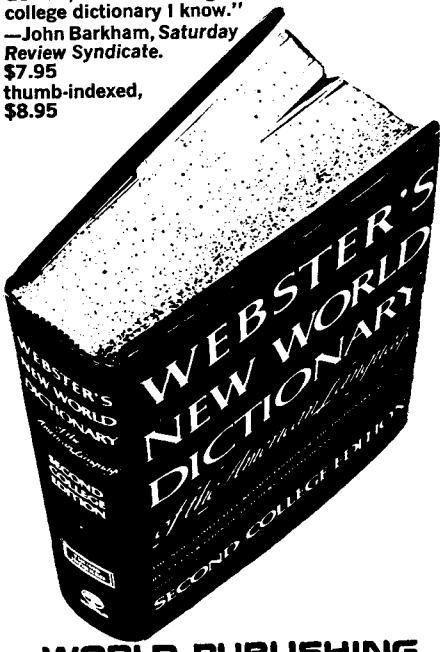

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Advertisement of the Week—from Yolanda Barr of St. Louis, who saw it in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*:

WANTED—Medium size vice

Don't we all? Something for everyone—in the little big size, of course.

Back to School Note—From Mrs. Duane Hunt of Joplin, Missouri, who found it in the Joplin *Globe*:

A factor in shopping decisions for students of Joplin R-8 District schools is the R-8 dress code for students . . . All attire shall be from obscene or suggestive writing or advertising.

We get it—no commercials.

Foreign Note—From Norbert Simon of Evanston, Illinois, who spotted it in the Chicago *Daily News*:

KHARTOUM (UPI)—The Sudanese government said Monday it had declared the Soviet Embassy's No. 2 man and the Bulgarian ambassador persona non great and ordered them to leave the country.

That's the trouble today—there're so darn *many* persona non greats, and most of them ingreats, too.

Our Sports Note of the Week was an entire item located by Marvin Karson of Ann Arbor, Michigan, in the Detroit *Free Press:*

If you bother to readbetween the lines a little, you get he idea the Washington Senators are lookingto unload their highest-pad pitcher, Denny McLain.

"You'll be asking him for World Series tickets one of these days, predicted Senators owner Bob Short Monday.

You mean hen the Senators turn out a championship team againO

"I didntaytha," correct SHORT.!P !RN THAT CASE, HE LOGICAL PLACEFR McLain to go would e OAKLAND IF A DEAL ISTO E MADE YET THIS YEAR.! The A' are headed for the Series—r at least a spot in the playoffs. Chalie Finley ceranly has the moey t afford McLain ad is flair fr the unusual, the flabyant, exceed that of Sort mself.

Tempr tempr, fellows.

George Axelrod, author of *The Seven Year Itch,* as well as such screenplays as *Bus Stop, Breakfast at Tiffany's, The Manchurian Candidate,* etc., has now come up with a novel, *Where Am I Now—When I Need Me?* (Viking), and, since we knew him to be busily engaged in writing a musical for David Merrick, we decided on a breakfast meeting. With him, in his United Nations Plaza apartment, was his attractive wife. "Who else," he asked us, "would you expect?"

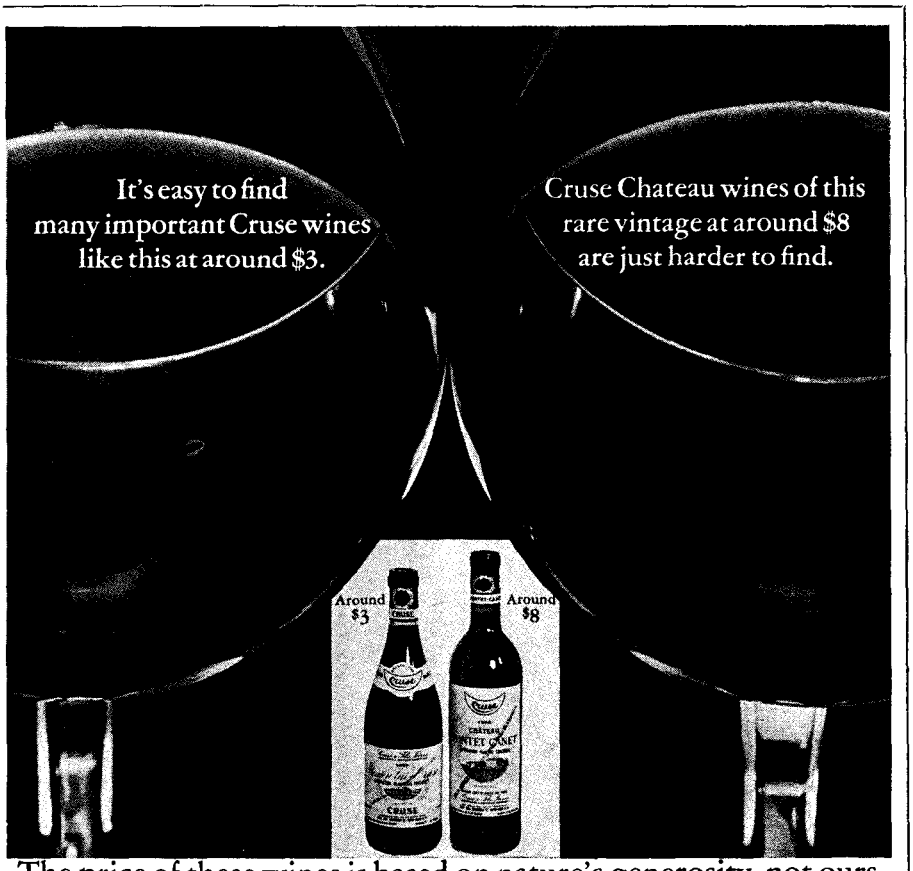
What, we asked in similar key, have you done lately? "I got up," he replied. "Getting up in the morning is not easy. God should print a warning in the sky —'Getting Up in the Morning Is Hazardous to Your Health.'

"The only thing worse than working with David Merrick," Mr. Axelrod continued, "is a breakfast meeting. That's the trouble with this country today. Every time I see a picture of Nixon, he's having breakfast with somebody. No wonder this country's in a mess. Booksellers say nobody's buying books, the movie people say nobody is going to the movies, everybody knows the theater is dying, even the population explosion is going down. What the hell *are* people doing?"

We gave up. What, we asked, about David Merrick? "Mr. Merrick," Mr. Axelrod said, "is a tradition. It started with Genghis Khan. He's in the villain business. Surely you know the old joke. 'If Hitler were still alive, I wish he were out of town with a musical.' Well, now there's a new one. 'If Hitler were still alive, I wish he were out of town with a *David Merrick* musical.'"

Mr. Axelrod, we learned, was born in New York. What, we asked, did his father do? There was a silence. "That," said Mr. Axelrod, "is what he did." Where, we went on, did you go to college? There was another silence. "But," he said finally, "I was kicked out of a *lot* of schools. I was a premature Holden Caulfield. Now, suddenly, I'm camp."

We tried again. How long had he been writing? "Since I was eighteen," he said. "A friend of mine—why is it that stories beginning 'a friend of mine' are always the most boring—lent me a radio script. Once I say 'music up' and 'music down,' I knew a chimpanzee could do it. I sold the very first one I tried. One time I was writing forty jokes a week for *Grand Ol Opry*. What saved me was the fact I was working for a man who would never use a joke he hadn't heard before. Unlike Leonard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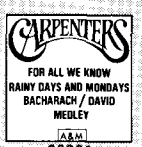

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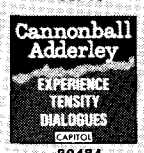

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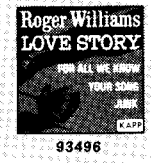

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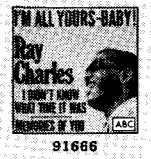

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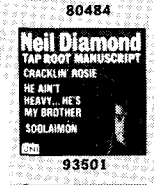

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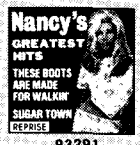

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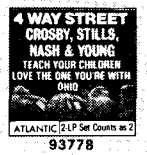

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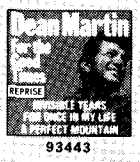

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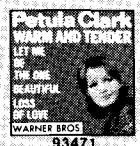

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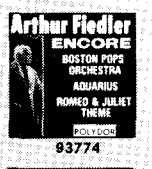

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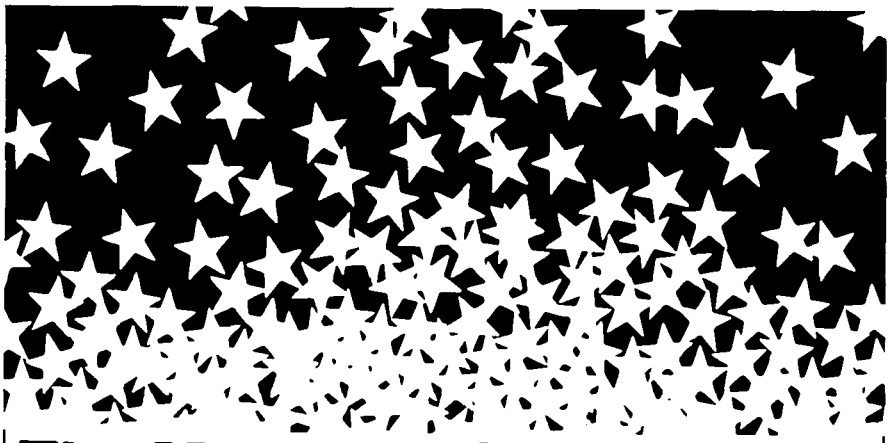

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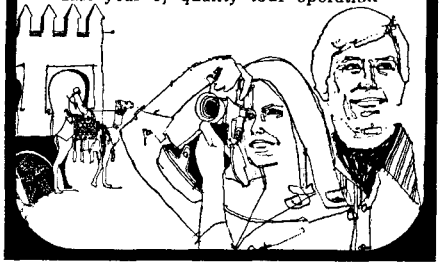

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Lyons, though, he always got the punch lines right.

"Actually," Mr. Axelrod continued, "I would rather do anything than write comedy. Anybody can write about the baby dying or the girl with leukemia or crap like that, but if you're trying to make people laugh—although, God knows, *Love Story* sure made me laugh—it's hard. Harry Kurnitz once said that the only theater superstition he had was that if he wrote a comedy and nobody laughed, it was bad luck. Kurnitz is one of the three best comedy writers of the twentieth century."

Who, we asked, were the other two? "Neil Simon," he said, "and Goody Ace." The telephone rang. Mrs. Axelrod answered it. In a moment she was back. "It was Mary Lazar," she said. "She has to go to England immediately and bring Swifty some cottage cheese."

"I love England," Mr. Axelrod continued. "I went to a delightful fat farm there—Buxted Park. The staff was incorruptible. But you could bribe the local farmers. One guy used to buy eggs and cook them in the sauna. Another guy claimed his parrot needed an apple every day. The guy never lost a pound, but the parrot got thinner and thinner.

"My wife has a terrible time in England. The only title she can remember is Count Basie."

"There you go again," Mrs. Axelrod said, "making fun of your wife."

"All right," he said. "Who else do I get to meet?"

Mr. Axelrod's hobby, we learned, is the first lines game. In this somebody picks up a book in a library and reads the first couple of sentences, saying the word "blank" for any proper names, and then you have to guess the book. His wife told us he had once guessed sixteen right in a row—in somebody else's house, too.

"So much of a writer's work goes into the first line," Mr. Axelrod said. "I once got Edmund Wilson good—in his own library, too. First sentence, 'Blank.' Second sentence, 'No answer.' Third sentence, 'Blank.'"

"Have you got it?" he asked. Certainly, we said sternly. We just don't want to spoil it for our readers.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1952)

(GRAHAM) GREENE:
TRAVELS WITH MY AUNT

Human communication . . . involves an exaggerated amount of time. How briefly and to the point people always seem to speak on the stage or on the screen, while in real life we stumble from phrase to phrase with endless repetition.

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Outfox the Fellow in the Bright Nightgown

A CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION OFFERING

He was a two-quart-a-day man (double martinis on waking, if you will). Yet he detested messy drunks, and never missed a performance because of liquor.

He was an insomniac of such proportions that sometimes he could only achieve sleep under a beach umbrella on which a garden hose sprinkled imitation rain. Yet he referred to death (mysteriously, but without real aversion) as "the fellow in the bright nightgown."

He was unforgettably, incomparably, uniquely W. C. Fields, and his lesson was that style, style, style is all. Rhetorical style. Theatrical style. Psychological style. *Style, the surest outward sign of substance, of a special and original inward view.*

And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found — brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something else again:

Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams.

THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month — a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising — a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers — an unheard-of coup first time out.

Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

THE DEAL

Where available in a very few expensive metropolitan bookstores, AUDIENCE will carry a cover price of $4.95 the issue, or $29.70 for the full volume year. *A reward for becoming a Charter Subscriber, however, is saving almost half this cost—provided you're prompt in using our coupon:*

Volume I, Number One is, as you can imagine, in short supply. As much as we'd like to accept all comers, inevitably we will have to disappoint the stragglers.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son,"

Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.

CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us" Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set . . ."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Lion, Lion, Burning Bright

THE SHADOW of the Red Lion continues to loom larger and larger over the broadcasting industry and its usually staunch protector, the Federal Communications Commission. *Red Lion* is the landmark 1969 opinion in which a unanimous, eight-justice Supreme Court upheld the commission's Fairness Doctrine and, in so doing, declared that "it is the right of the viewers and listeners and not the right of the broadcasters which is paramount."

Since *Red Lion*, the U. S. Court of Appeals (District of Columbia Circuit) in a steady march of opinions has strengthened and elaborated the thesis that broadcast licensees have an affirmative obligation to present a full spectrum of views on controversial issues of importance. Now, in two new cases, the same appeals court has held that the Fairness Doctrine extends to product commercials (other than cigarettes) which raise controversial issues and that it does not exhaust the public's First Amendment rights of access to radio and television for not only receiving controversial views but also initiating them.

In *Friends of the Earth* vs. *FCC, NBC, et Al.*, the court ruled that where a product commercial raises a controversial issue and a responsible individual or group asks for time to present other views on the subject (in this case air pollution by high-powered automobiles), a station must make time available, if in its overall programing it has not achieved a balance of conflicting views. In *Business Executives' Move for Vietnam Peace* [BEM] vs. *FCC* and *Democratic National Committee* vs. *FCC et Al.* (two cases the court considered together), Judge Skelly Wright, in a ringing, forty-five-page opinion, held that broadcasters cannot, as a policy, ban all editorial advertising. In addition to "uninhibited, wide-open" debate on public issues, they must "provide opportunity for individual self-expression."

The BEM case originated after the business executives had sought to buy time on WTOP, a Post-Newsweek station in Washington, D.C., for recorded, one-minute, spot radio announcements urging immediate withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam. WTOP refused, saying it had a flat ban on all editorial advertising; and the FCC upheld the station. In the other case, the DNC experienced difficulty getting time to present the Democratic Party's views on crucial issues and to solicit funds. The committee petitioned the FCC for a declaratory ruling that the media could not, as a general policy, refuse to sell time to responsible entities for such purposes. The commission refused to make such a ruling, asserting that the Fairness Doctrine permitted the rejection of paid controversial announcements.

The appellate court (in a 2-1 opinion) held that the public did not have an "unabridged First Amendment right" to buy time on the air for the initiation of controversy. Scarcity of frequencies and channels precludes everyone from being heard; however, reasonable regulations can be worked out, the court suggested, whereby *some* if not *all* individuals and groups could have the opportunity for "more spontaneous, self-initiated, self-controlled expression." Work out those guidelines, Judge Wright prodded the FCC, as speedily as you can, and if you find that the requests of the BEM and DNC are consistent with them, you are to direct the media to honor their applications. *Red Lion* alarm bells clanged in the Washington offices of the industry's communications lawyers. "Monstrosity" and "pattern for revolution" were among the comments. "A very narrow ruling" and "really nothing arbitrary" were among others. The FCC is debating its response. The commission may suggest that the appeals court review the BEM-DNC decision, in an *en banc* hearing, with the court's full complement of nine judges.

One experienced communications attorney doubts that the court will accept the suggestion. This particular appeals bench in the District of Columbia is the most sophisticated in broadcasting matters: It is accustomed to the predictions of "chaos" that always issue from broadcasters when the adequacy of their public-interest behavior is brought into question. The *Friends of the Earth* ruling on the extension of the Fairness Doctrine to product commercials presents perplexing questions; and it is not yet known whether the commission will appeal. The FCC is concerned that, with so many products nowadays being involved in ecological issues, there is a real danger of financial collapse if the industry is constrained to open a veritable Pandora's Box of Fairness Doctrine requests that might trigger still other requests for debate on controversial issues.

The FCC, if it does appeal Judge

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CHILD CONVICTS— *The injustice of juvenile justice.*
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CHILDREN AND THEIR CARETAKERS— *A new approach to teaching.*

SEPTEMBER

CUBAN WORKERS IN EXILE— *An insight into Cuban racism.*
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Wright's decision, may argue that money will talk if the doors are opened to editorial advertising. Judge Wright anticipated that argument in his opinion and suggested that reasonable regulations could prevent domination by monied interests. Wealth is not the potential villain, the judge argued, but poverty of ideas. One Washington attorney foresaw the possibility of editorial advertising completely replacing product ads. The broadcasters wouldn't mind, he added, as long as profits continue, except that Fairness Doctrine problems might bleed into the program area with prime-time entertainment becoming eroded by political debate. The public would never stand for that, he ventured; letters of protest would swamp the court.

If the appeals court's ruling holds, radio will probably feel its impact more than television. Radio is relatively inexpensive, and many stations already sell time for editorial advertising. If actual demand on television should adversely affect prime-time entertainment, the court said, the situation would be re-examined.

The chief concern of the FCC majority whose decisions were reversed in these cases (except for Commissioner Nicholas Johnson, who dissented) is that Judge Wright has virtually declared part of the Communications Act un-Constitutional. He has discarded the public-trustee role of the licensee in the area of advertising, with the right to make judgments, and has substituted an essentially common-carrier role, which the act expressly forbids. The FCC's argument of un-Constitutionality rests on the assumption that access for "some" really means access for "all." The court apparently thinks otherwise. It is willing to try, to wait and see. It believes that the present system can be opened up without driving the licensees out of business. Its clarity of purpose is suggested by Judge Wright's final words:

> In the end, it may unsettle some of us to see an antiwar message or a political party message in the accustomed place of a soap or beer commercial. But we must not equate what is habitual with what is right—or what is Constitutional. A society so saturated with commercialism can well afford another outlet for speech on public issues. All that we may lose is some of our apathy. That is a small price to pay, for, as the Supreme Court has said, "a function of free speech under our system of government is to invite dispute. It may indeed best serve its high purpose when it induces a condition of unrest, creates dissatisfaction with conditions as they are, or even stirs people to anger.

The shadow of the Red Lion is "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

The Theater

Henry Hewes

The British Bundle

LONDON.

THE WEST END can currently boast that it has thirty-four theaters open (Broadway has seventeen), with an overwhelming display of star actors that includes Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir Alec Guinness, Sir Michael Redgrave, Paul Scofield, and Christopher Plummer, plus Sir John Gielgud only an hour-and-a-half away at Chichester. Furthermore, it has on view the latest works of four of England's foremost playwrights, Harold Pinter, John Osborne, Peter Nichols, and Robert Bolt. But curiously enough the biggest new hit is Alan Bates in *Butley*, written by Simon Gray.

Butley is a character study of a self-destructive college professor whose sole pleasure in life appears to be a compulsive, cynical, and comic assault on the shallowness of the people around him. His caustic remarks about the educational system are most amusing, as, for instance, when he describes sixth form teachers as "sort of like firemen called in to quench flames already out." Or he can be quite witty when he capsulizes the reason for his broken marriage with, "She said if I were half a man I'd leave, but then discovering she was, *she* left." There is not much plot to *Butley*, just a series of confrontations and humiliations, the most devastating of which are the news that Butley's wife is marrying a boring mutual acquaintance and that the younger colleague with whom he has enjoyed a long-standing homosexual relationship has decided to abandon him for a less interesting but less troublesome companion. But these humiliations bring out the best in Butley, his cursed ability to see every event in comic perspective. Moreover, at the end of the play when he decides against exploiting a ripe new relationship with a willing student, Butley contemptuously rejects this easy solution, saying, "I will not begin again." Bates plays the title role as if he'd slept in it, and under Harold Pinter's shrewd direction his performance brings Gray's pathological portrait the guts it requires to live with itself.

In addition to directing *Butley*, Pinter has also come up with a shiny new play called *Old Times*, which blends the kind of humorous verbal onslaughts in *The Homecoming* with the scraps-of-memory technique used in *Landscape* and *Silence*.

In *Old Times*, a wife and her husband are visited by a woman with whom she used to live before their marriage. What ensues appears to be a fierce game in which the husband futilely attempts to ascertain the details of the two women's past life together and to find some way of inserting himself into it. But their composure and harmony are never ruffled. Memories, some of them true, some of them embellished, some of them deliberately fabricated, fly back and forth like tennis balls in slow motion, with the moments of deepest revelation occurring during the silences before the next set of memories is served up. It is a short and quiet play but nevertheless a richly evocative and totally fascinating work of art. Under Peter Hall's direction, and with a marvelous raked setting by John Bury, it is beautifully performed here by Dorothy Tutin, Vivien Merchant, and Colin Blakely.

Also a hit in London is *Forget-Me-Not Lane* by Peter Nichols, whose *A Day in the Death of Joe Egg* and *The National Health* have already established him as a leading British playwright. His new work is an extremely honest yet expertly crafted attempt to deal with his own and Britain's past. He does so by having the present thirty-seven-year-old teacher-narrator onstage throughout to look back in sorrow at his World War II adolescence. These past events are quite simply played on a sparsely furnished stage in front of a rear facade of seven doors. Any necessary background or stage properties can be made immediately available by varying what is placed behind a given door. And the scenes gain vitality from occasional interruptions when there is "in the present" conversation between the narrator and characters as they used to be.

As in *Joe Egg*, Nichols keeps on the comic periphery of a subject that is basically depressing. It is the stultifying effect of family life handed on from generation to generation. The narrator questions the naturalness of the family, maintaining, "When we're kids we don't really question the adult world, just blunder about in a jungle of meaningless rules. But at twelve or so, confused by erections and periods, armed with the pure logic of puberty, we start fighting in earnest. Which scares our parents and sets up conflict. . . . Then at last—escape, freedom! Lovely to start with, but eventually we need a regular cuddle at nights and there's no other way but a family of our

(Continued on page 54)

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THE GREAT CATHOLIC UPHEAVAL

by Gordon Zahn

"The almost total concentration upon the Berrigans has diverted attention away from the bigger story."

—Norris McNamara, Nancy Palmer

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Unless the government changes its plan, the Reverend Philip Berrigan and seven others, all but one of them Catholics, will soon be brought to trial on indictments returned by a Harrisburg grand jury. News coverage undoubtedly will focus on the drama of a bizarre plot to kidnap Henry Kissinger and dynamite federal heating systems, even though the revised indictments played down J. Edgar Hoover's more sensational revelations. In keeping with the practice set in the earlier trials for raids on draft board offices and the like, supporters and admirers will descend upon the courtroom to affirm and "celebrate" their solidarity with the Berrigan brothers and their peace "conspiracy." The fact that these particular charges have been denied will go unnoticed; friend and foe will see the whole affair as just another stage in the program of civil disobedience undertaken by what has come to be known as the Catholic "ultra-resistance."

To let it go at that can only serve to obscure the real significance of the Catholic opposition to war, of which the Berrigans are but a small, though admittedly highly visible, part. It in no way diminishes the respect one has for them to say this or to insist that their activism must be understood and evaluated in terms of the broader movement and its objectives. The new approach to issues of war and peace and the resulting redefinition of the proper relationship between church and state reflect changes in the structure and teachings of the greater Catholic community that were under way long before Catonsville. That action and the series of repeat performances that followed may have awakened many to these more profound changes and their implications, but it is by no means certain that they are to be taken as the only or even the most effective form in which that opposition to war can be expressed.

The almost total concentration upon the Berrigans has diverted attention away from the bigger story, the new wave in Catholic social thought that has provided them with much of their inspiration and a receptive audience for their message. Even the leaders of traditional peace churches and other old-line pacifist organizations fail to take account of these deeper currents in their astonished delight over the activist Catholic resistance to war and military service. With at least equal astonishment and considerably less delight, Catholic ecclesiastics and the majority of their still predominantly conservative flocks shrink back in horror from the "excesses" perpetrated by their fellow communicants of the ultra-resistance, but they, too, miss the crucial point of it all. Most confused of all, one must assume, are political and military leaders, accustomed as they are to the unquestioning and enthusiastic support they have always received from the Roman Catholic community in time of war.

These reactions all testify to the same public image of the church, an image well-earned and thoroughly validated by history. Once the conversion of Constantine had transformed the Empire from an extermination-minded enemy into a protecting ally, the doctrinal pacifism of "primitive" Christianity underwent successive waves of theological revisionism that first permitted and then justified participation in military combat until the point was finally reached where Christians could be rallied to fight in "holy" wars by the promise that a warrior's death in battle would earn him immediate entry into heaven.

Paul VI's heartfelt lament ("Lord! it is true. We are not on the right path") in the course of his 1970 New Year sermon was a papal validation of something Catholics of lesser rank had discovered long before. Some had gone further to link the departure from that path with the introduction into the Christian belief system of the doctrine of the "just war." Originally ascribed to Augustine, subsequently refined and elaborated by Thomas Aquinas and the later Scholastics, this doctrine presumed to set forth a number of restrictive conditions that, assuming all were fulfilled simultaneously, would permit (under some interpretations *require*) the Christian to take up arms, even against his brother Christian who just happened to live on the other side of some arbitrarily defined territorial boundary. The testimony of history is clear enough; as the conditions were actually applied, the attempt to subject the irrationality of war to the rule of reason failed miserably. In fact, as things worked out, the theologians gave the game away themselves by granting "the presumption of justice" to the warmaking authority in case of doubt because only he had access to all the facts. The current furor over the Pentagon papers provides an interesting commentary on the logic of that reasoning.

At any rate, the just-war doctrine served to elevate a civil obligation, one's "patriotic duty" as defined by the state, to the status of morally binding religious obligation in the eyes of the church, a pattern that held virtually unchallenged through the Second World War. Thus, while American Catholics marched to war against the enemies of God and country, German Catholics were being encouraged to fight for Volk and Fatherland—and to do so in fulfillment of "a Christian duty." Perhaps it required a scandal of this order, with devout Christians being called to battle for the Third Reich, before the pattern could be broken. In any event, much of the significance in the Catholic opposition to the war in Vietnam lies in the fact that, disorganized and ineffective as it has been in many respects, it has succeeded in freeing itself from the old theological trap.

To be sure this opposition represents a small minority within the church, surrounded and overshadowed by a majority that is, on the one hand, supremely indifferent to questions related to the morality of war and, on the other, ready to react with an impressive display of 200 per cent patriotism on any and every occasion. The apathy is explained easily enough: The priests and bishops who should be forcing the moral issue upon them are themselves too ill-informed or misinformed to meet their responsibilities in this respect. This is not, I must add, a rash or unfair judgment. Some years ago Cardinal Wright, one of the few who did manage to break the mold, confessed that less than an hour of his seminary training had been devoted to this subject. The hypernationalism probably requires a more subtle explanation tracing its origin back to the days of nativist attacks upon "Romanism," which left the Catholic minority with an ingrained compulsion to prove they could be every bit as "American" as their Protestant neighbors. Though the need is no longer there, or certainly not as urgent, the compulsion lingers on.

All of which is not to say that today's Catholic peace activists had to start from scratch. There were Catholic conscientious objectors in World War II as well as a scattering of "resisters" who preferred prison to registering for the draft or accepting a classification that they, like many young men now behind bars, considered too great a compromise with "the system." There were even some priests to offer support and encouragement, three or four going so far as to mutilate and return their own draft cards as an act of symbolic protest. Pitifully few in number and systematically ignored, if not vilified, by their fellow Catholics, these witnesses for peace did at least provide an example and a foundation for much of the change that is now in progress.

In this connection it is well to remember that World War II was a popular war in the sense that it enjoyed almost unanimous support. The change in temper can be illustrated easily enough. In 1943 the only camp for conscientious objectors operated under

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Catholic auspices was closed down, partly because it had become "the object of considerable annoyance" to the local (New Hampshire) bishop whose "official opinion," as reported to Selective Service headquarters, was that "a person could not be a Roman Catholic and a conscientious objector at one and the same time." It is no small accomplishment that, less than three decades later, we can point to official policy statements issued in the name of the combined American hierarchy that not only affirm the right of Catholics to take that stand but go beyond this to recommend changes in the conscription law to permit recognition of *selective* conscientious objection.

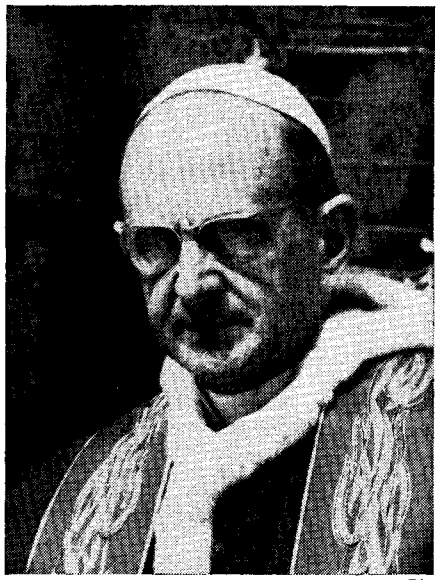
The just-war tradition already had come under strong attack from European moralists, led by the German Dominican Franziskus Stratmann, in the period between the two world wars. Several Catholic peace societies also came into being at that time, Stratmann's own *Friedensbund deutscher Katholiken* boasting a membership exceeding 40,000 shortly before it was dissolved by the Nazis as subversive once they came to power. World War II stifled these first stirrings of the Catholic peace movement but assured its postwar resurgence by demonstrating with awesome finality the moral bankruptcy of the just-war doctrine. The grim realities of modern war, especially the "advances" in technology and strategy reflected in the obscene escalation from Coventry through Dresden to the culminating atrocities at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, destroyed for all time the pious illusion of "the Christian prince" waging war according to rules set down by medieval scholars.

At war's end several prominent ecclesiastics joined in the renewed demands for a condemnation of modern war. Not only were "liberals" such as Cardinal Alfrink to be counted among these leaders, but the strongest voice in the chorus was that of Cardinal Ottaviani, generally regarded as the spokesman for the "reactionary" forces in the church. In a 1947 treatise published in Rome Ottaviani argued that war is to be "altogether forbidden" on the grounds that it can no longer meet the conditions of the "just war" and "no conceivable cause" could ever justify the evils it would be certain to bring in its wake.

These promising signs of moral awakening were almost immediately neutralized by the pragmatics of the cold war and an accelerating nuclear arms race. Rome's hesitant attempts to provide moral guidance were nullified by the ambiguities and reservations that characterized papal diplomacy and rhetoric under Pius XII, to say nothing of the rigid anti-Communism that continued to dominate his thinking. The latter factor was even more in evidence in the position taken by the American bishops and their advisers; grave concern was shown for possibly sinister influences behind international campaigns for nuclear disarmament, but little was said about national policies that equated "security" with the power and the readiness to incinerate millions of human beings. Theologians may not have reached the point of arguing over the number of angels who could dance on the tip of a nuclear warhead, but a brief and lively debate did erupt over the question of the individual's moral right to shoot an improvident neighbor seeking access to the family fall-out shelter.

—Pix

POPE JOHN: *"It is hardly possible to imagine that in the atomic era war could be used as an instrument of justice."*



—Pix

POPE PAUL VI: *"Lord! It is true. We are not on the right path."*

This was the situation that provoked the late Thomas Merton to despairing protest from the quiet of his Trappist monastery: "The current war ethic," he wrote, "is pagan and less than pagan. There is little of Christianity left in it anywhere. The truth and justice have been drained out of it. It is a lie and a blasphemy, and this has to be said." It was this situation, and quite possibly much the same sense of despair, that led John XXIII to issue the encyclical *Pacem in Terris* and almost singlehandedly reverse if not the direction at least the emphasis of official Catholic doctrine on war and peace. In its insistence upon "mutual trust" as the only basis for world peace and its blunt rejection of war in the nuclear era as "contrary to reason" even as a means for restoring violated rights, the encyclical set the tone and pointed the way for all men of good will, not only Christians or Catholics, to follow in their search for peace.

In this grim context the importance of the encyclical can scarcely be exaggerated. The five-year reign of this saintly old man accomplished many things, not the least of which was the transformation of his church from an unshakable bastion of medieval thought and practice to an exciting arena of change and religious experimentation. Not all the innovations in liturgical forms and theological orientations that have resulted can be credited directly to John's influence or intentions. In fact, his encyclicals and other official acts (and his personal life as well) are marked by a continuing emphasis upon practices and themes that seem increasingly alien to the Catholicism of today—his strong support for devotions to the Holy Rosary and the Precious Blood, his formal veneration of saints, to mention only the most obvious few. The innovations came about simply because he opened the way and made it possible for their proponents to advance from the level of esoteric wishful thinking to the point where their ideas might have some chance of being accepted and implemented. In much the same fashion he made it possible for Catholics committed to the pacifist implications of their faith to gain the respectful hearing from their peers they had previously been denied.

Pacem in Terris was the eighth and last of his encyclicals and the one for which he will always be known. Written by a man already working in the

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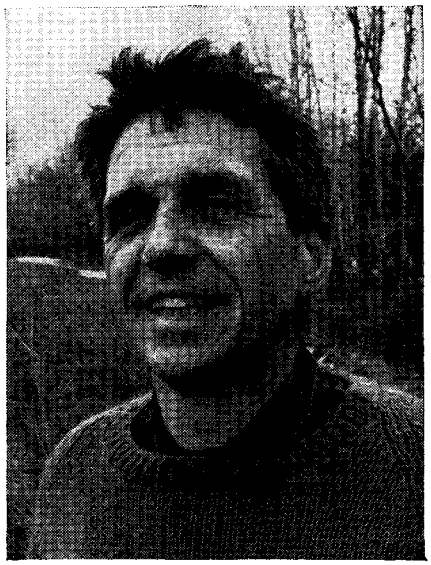
—Bob Fitch, Black Star

PHILIP BERRIGAN: *"Is a Christian Christ's man or the state's; is the church a community of belief or a spiritual spa?"*



—Bob Fitch, Black Star

DANIEL BERRIGAN: *"For the first time in the history of the American church, warfare has emerged as a question worthy of attention."*

—Edward Rice

THOMAS MERTON: *"The current war ethic is pagan and less than pagan. There is little of Christianity left in it."*

shadow of the death that was to come less than two months later, it challenged a world largely resigned to the destruction that seemed inevitable and possibly even imminent. It presented the leaders of nations with both an occasion and the incentive to pause and reconsider the course into which they had locked themselves, and it reminded them that they had grave responsibilities to all humanity and to future generations, not only to the immediate and limited interests of their own peoples. Seldom was a prophetic word so urgently needed and so desperately awaited. Once spoken it found a spontaneous and universal echo. It is a sobering thought, but one that cannot be dismissed too lightly, that we are here today because a dying old man took it upon himself to cry out for peace on the earth he knew he would soon be departing.

For Catholics it has become increasingly clear that the encyclical's principal contribution does not lie in any theological breakthrough but, rather, in the dominant spirit of trust born of love, the spirit of which it speaks and which it so movingly demonstrates in itself. John (like Alfrink, Ottaviani, and Stratmann before him) still held to the old formulation; their rejection of modern war really reaffirmed the just-war doctrine in that it was based on the conviction that the conditions could no longer be met. The significant difference in *Pacem in Terris*, as Merton was to point out, was that the key to its meaning lay not in "a casuistical treatment of the problem of nuclear war but in the profound and optimistic Christian spirit with which the Pope lays bare the deepest roots of peace, roots which are placed in man by God Himself and which man himself has the mission to cultivate."

An important corner had been turned. Calculation then gave way to commitment. Actions undertaken by Christians devoted to peace would no longer be governed by the precise distinctions and measurements favored by the theology handbooks but would originate instead in a spontaneous response to their individual and subjective perception of a loving unity of all men as brothers. Only such a free commitment to the love ethic of Christianity could match John's optimism, which (Merton's words again) went beyond logic to be "spiritual, mystical, rooted in a deep and simple love for God which is also love for His creation and for God's child: man."

The pastoral directives of the Council that John called into being and the pilgrimages for peace undertaken by his successor have confirmed and extended the teachings of this great peace encyclical. This is the perspective from which the actions of the Catholic peace movement, even the more controversial actions, must be understood and evaluated as its members, each in his own way, follow the Council's instruction "to do in love what the truth requires, and to join with all true peacemakers in pleading for peace and bringing it about." Theirs is not the simple, fundamentalist pacifism of Christianity's earliest days, but they have rediscovered and adopted its two most essential characteristics, the activist imperative and the ideology of non-violence.

The activism more than anything else accounts for much of the confusion and occasional resentment surrounding the new pacifism. In one sense, it is really nothing new: the Catholic community has always recognized a "missionary" responsibility to bring the truth, once received, to others not yet fortunate enough to possess it. Part of the problem in this case lies, of course, in the nature of that particular truth and the possibly inconvenient obligation it would impose upon the believer to shun the ways of war; part lies in the manner in which the message is being spread. Instead peace community. Thus Merton, the apostle of non-violence, made no secret of his initial objection to the ceremonial burning of draft cards, and even later, after he was persuaded that there could be merit to the act, he counseled against allowing it to become widespread. More to the point of this essay, though he registered overall support of the Catonsville raid, he described it as "bordering" on violence. In view of his conviction that violence would lead the peace movement into self-contradiction, this comment suggests serious reservations on his part. Merton's own position was located far from the "borders" of violence; not only did he reject physical aggression against an adversary, he opposed "moral" aggression designed to "upset the adversary's con-

(Continued on page 54)

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Facts vs. Conclusions

On August 12, we received a telephone call from Brit Hume, assistant to Jack Anderson, the syndicated newspaper columnist and successor to the late Drew Pearson. Mr. Hume said he wanted to inquire about a rumor that *Saturday Review* had "suppressed" a critical article on the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C., by Wolf Von Eckardt, contributor to *SR*'s Environment Section. This rumor had to be considered in the context of the fact that *Saturday Review* publishes the Kennedy Center programs.

We thanked Mr. Hume for calling to check on the facts. After consulting with Roland Gelatt, managing editor, and John Lear, science and environment editor, we learned that the report was false. What had happened was that on December 19, 1970, Mr. Von Eckardt, an architect and city-planning expert for whom the editors have the highest regard and a regular contributor to *SR*, had written to John Lear to inquire if he would consider publishing an article on the Kennedy Center in *SR*'s Environment Section. In his reply dated January 5, 1971, Mr. Lear encouraged Mr. Von Eckardt, but stressed the importance of appraising the Kennedy Center from an environmental viewpoint.

When the article arrived, Mr. Lear felt that it did not sufficiently confine itself to environmental matters. Because of the predominantly cultural emphasis of Mr. Von Eckardt's article, Mr. Lear asked Irving Kolodin whether he might want to run the piece in the Multi-Media Section. He learned that Mr. Kolodin was already working on a major article on the Kennedy Center —an article that would, of course, deal with cultural aspects of the center. In view of the obvious overlap, we returned Mr. Von Eckardt's article to him, explaining why we could not run it. Mr. Kolodin's piece appeared later in *SR*. [Mr. Von Eckardt's article was subsequently published in the April 3, 1971, issue of *The New Republic*.]

All this information was conveyed to Mr. Hume, who expressed his appreciation for what he termed our candid and straightforward response to his questions. He then asked whether we believed there was anything inappropriate in Mr. Kolodin's dual role as critic for the *Saturday Review* and editor of the Kennedy Center programs. We told Mr. Hume that Mr. Kolodin had performed the same functions for many years with the programs of New York's Lincoln Center, also published by *SR*. If Mr. Hume were to examine Mr. Kolodin's writings during that time, we said, he would find that Mr. Kolodin's critical appraisals of Lincoln Center performances were not muted in the slightest. We also said that we didn't know of a music critic in the country who had a stronger reputation for integrity.

Despite the foregoing, Jack Anderson wrote a syndicated column on August 16, 1971 that ignored the facts given to Mr. Hume and charged that Mr. Von Eckardt's article had been suppressed. We can only conclude that, whether because of deadlines or other extenuating circumstances, Mr. Anderson's column was written independently of the facts given to Mr. Hume. It is inconceivable to us that there can be any other explanation for what would otherwise be a breach of professional ethics. —N.C.

Bennett

Memories of Bennett Cerf come easily. Everything about him made an imprint on the mind—his utter lack of ambiguity about the things he liked or disliked; his almost supernatural gift for making friends and keeping them stoked with books or goodies of one sort or another; his cascading anecdotes and horrendous puns; his talent for being equally at home with bibliophiles and burlesque queens, academicians and Hollywood luminaries, poets and business tycoons, scientists and quarterbacks, spacemen and literary critics. He was on a first-name basis with people like Louis Armstrong, Joe Namath, John Lindsay, John O'Hara, Jackie Gleason, Marilyn Monroe, Eugene O'Neill, Gorgeous George the wrestler, Ann-Margret, Humphrey Bogart, John and Jacqueline Kennedy, Cardinal Spellman, William Faulkner, John Glenn, Risë Stevens, Arturo Toscanini, Frank Sinatra, Prime Minister Harold Wilson, Gypsy Rose Lee, Ernest Hemingway, and Muhammad Ali. He was King of the Eclectics, and there is no successor to the throne.

For fifteen years he presided over the Trade Winds column in this magazine. This was his first venture outside his primary station as book publisher. He credited *SR* with having launched him as a public figure; once, after listening to his outrageous puns on TV's *What's My Line?* we told him we weren't sure we had done the world a favor in making him go public.

Despite his casualness, there was nothing offhand about his work. No contributor to *SR*'s pages worked harder over his copy or took greater pains to make his deadlines. He wanted top billing in *SR* and didn't hesitate to say so. "Let's face it," he once said earnestly, "I'm a ham. I love the footlights, and the brighter the better." Then he laughed. No man who told jokes about other people ever laughed more heartily at himself.

He had style, splendor, and swoosh. But all the joyousness, excitement, and fireworks associated with his name should not be allowed to obscure his main aim and achievement in life. He set out to be a book publisher, and he became one of the very best. He gave full measure to his profession. Everyone connected with the world of books is in his debt.

Peggy

Like Bennett Cerf, Margaret Bourke-White, who died on August 27, was nourished by irrepressible optimism. Years after she was stricken with Parkinson's disease, she had still lost none of the buoyancy and sparkle that had always made her such a delight to her

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friends. "I'm the luckiest person in the world," she told us just before undergoing major brain surgery for her affliction. "If I had had my illness at any earlier time, there wasn't much that science could have done for me. But they've just developed a new surgical approach to Parkinson's, and I know it's going to be successful."

The operation was only partially successful, but she acted as though she had been completely cured. She insisted on taking her cameras to far-off places to photograph the human procession with all the love and artistry that were her trademarks. No editorialist writing about the human condition in our time had more to say about deprivation or suffering than she did through pictures. And few philosophers or dramatists penetrated more deeply into the wondrous possibilities of human hopefulness and dignity. She focused on the leading personalities and issues of our time, but her lens always gravitated back to the everyday individual who is primarily affected by the historic process. As a photo-journalist, she was at the top of her profession; but she was also an artist among artists. Edward Steichen didn't hesitate to compare her with the best. Whether photographing dynamos or monolithic structures or famous men or average people caught up in the upheavals of war or disaster, Margaret Bourke-White was able to make her camera see past the surface into meaning.

But it is as a person that her greatness was most manifest. For more than fifteen years, she was terribly and painfully crippled. Her courage in fighting her disease was beyond belief. She would wring the water out of towels hour after hour in an attempt to build up the strength in her hands. She stayed out of wheelchairs through sheer will power. She was as incapable of self-pity as she was of somber or uncharitable thought. Once we called on her at home to take her to Christmas dinner and found her on the floor struggling vainly to get to her feet. She had fallen several hours earlier. She said she was so amused by her "turtle act" that it didn't occur to her to pull down a telephone and call for help.

We never knew which was the greater, her personal courage or her zest for life. Perhaps they were one and the same. Medical researchers, we read, are now probing into the psychology of the will to live. If it is true, as they suspect, that benevolent physical and chemical changes take place when the human spirit is fully animated, then there is no better exhibit for their theories than the life of Peggy Bourke-White, photographer, journalist, extraordinary and beautiful human being.

—N.C.

Letters to the Editor

U.S.: Rx & $

RE: "Health Care in America: A Heretical Diagnosis" by Harry Schwartz [*SR*, Aug. 14].

We who speak for the medical profession ask no special favors of media that report the current status of America's health needs; still, it is nice to see that we're not the "bad guys" every time.

DR. WILLIAM J. REALS,
President, Kansas Medical Society,
Wichita, Kan.

HARRY SCHWARTZ bases his thesis upon an erroneous assumption that the advocates of prepaid group practice of medicine wish to replace fee-for-service solo practice with "compulsory group practice" for the entire nation with the argument that it "would introduce a utopia." Nothing could be further from the truth.

All prepaid health care plans throughout the country regard prepaid group practice as an alternative option to fee-for-service practice. Every one of them, whether it be the Kaiser-Permanente in California, Puget Sound in Seattle, Community Health in Detroit, the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, or the plans recently organized in Boston, New Haven, Baltimore, Cleveland, Denver, and Rochester, New York, will not enroll subscribers unless they have had unrestricted freedom of choice between a fee-for-service indemnity plan and the group practice prepayment plan. Mr. Schwartz knows this but fails to mention it.

Having set up an imaginary straw man, Schwartz then sets out to demolish it with a non sequitur, to wit: "It is strange that the enthusiasts for more 'system' in medicine have not learned anything from the debacle of the nation's public school system."

A survey of prepaid medical groups made some years ago by officials of the American Medical Association resulted in the finding that the medical care they provided was of good quality. Published reports of studies made on the population served by thirty prepaid medical groups under contract with the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York (HIP) revealed it enjoyed a lower perinatal mortality than is currently prevalent in private solo practice, fewer premature births, better average weight at birth, and fewer deaths in the first weeks of life. Another recently reported HIP experience during the past five years with early detection of breast cancer in women by means of mammography is beginning to provide encouraging evidence of a lower mortality in this, the most frequent cause of cancer death in women, the death rate from which has not decreased in this country in more than thirty years. These observations, which are being financed by a National Institutes of Health grant, must continue for another five years to be accepted as definitive.

Now, as to cost: Published records of more than eight million federal employees and their dependents insured under various insurance plans of their choice have demonstrated that the cost of providing comprehensive health care to those in various parts of the country who chose to receive their care from prepaid medical groups was substantially below the cost for those who chose fee-for-service indemnity plans for comparable benefits.

These observations have been confirmed by the records of New York's Blue Cross, which insures virtually all of HIP's 760,000 enrollees against hospital costs. The annual rate of hospital bed utilization by persons enrolled in indemnity plans has consistently been twice that of those enrolled in prepaid group practice plans. Its records show that the HIP population, which has virtually unlimited ambulatory care without any deductibles, co-insurance, or other deterrent charges, have 25 per cent fewer hospital admissions per year than other New Yorkers enrolled in Blue Cross who receive their medical and hospital care from fee-for-service solo practitioners.

Please, Mr. Schwartz, do not damn us with faint praise in one part of your article and then endeavor to denigrate our many years of serious effort to test the values of our alternative, not compulsory, method of delivering and paying for comprehensive health care. I freely admit that you and your affluent friends do not need us. But the poor, the near poor, and the lower middle class, who comprise the vast majority of our people, need us badly as an alternative to fee-for-service solo practitioners who now cluster overwhelmingly in the affluent sectors of our urban and suburban areas where the money is.

GEORGE BAEHR, M.D.,
New York, N. Y.

Light on Sound

I AM NOT a little concerned about the misinformation stated in Arthur Knight's recent movie column [*SR*, Aug. 7]. It would appear that Mr. Knight has not obtained the correct facts in regard to Robert Altman's picture *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*. I would like to advise him that the first optical printing was done at Warner Brothers in Hollywood and not in Canada.

I would concur with Knight's review that the dialogue by Julie Christie and Warren Beatty leaves something to be desired. The film was hard to follow because of the dialect used by Miss Christie, which was not natural to her, and because Warren Beatty was acting in characterization and was meant to "mumble in his beard."

If any criticism is deserved, it should be placed where it belongs, and, in my opinion, that is with the director, Robert Altman, and not with the Canadian technicians. I am sure Mr. Altman accepts the blame for the poor sound on the first optical printing. In fact, he so stated publicly on the Dick Cavett show of August 16.

I hope this might clear up, or at least throw a little light on, the sound situation of *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*.

ERNIE KERR,
Manager, Panorama Film Studios,
Vancouver, B. C.

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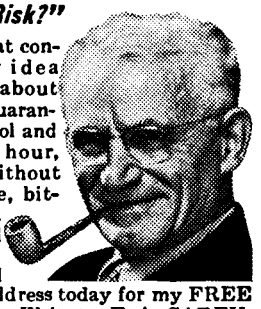

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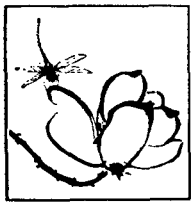

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

Cruel Shadows

THE WORD for peace in Vietnamese is *hoa-binh,* and by using it for the title of his film, the French photographer and now director Raoul Coutard implies that the thirty years of confused and savage struggle to which the Vietnamese people have been subjected is, for them, normality. The story Coutard films (from a novel by Françoise Lorrain) is a simple one of a family fragmented by war and tragedy. The father disappears to join the Vietcong, the young hard-working mother is taken off to die of cancer in a hospital, and the small son takes his baby sister by the hand to make their way in Saigon. Since the eleven-year-old boy, Phi Lan, is exceedingly attractive, and the infant girl wrenchingly cute, the heart tugs are there in abundance. And, by this artless means of telling, we are meant to feel the nature and impact of that utterly dreadful war.

Yet, even though the film was made only two years ago and even though the photography is vivid and impressive, *Hoa-Binh* comes along as a curiously outdated document. This is because the flood of revelations in recent years, with the heaviest thuds coming from the recent Pentagon papers, have made the war far more monstrous than Coutard, there on the scene, shows it to be. In attempting to be ideologically fair, Coutard is so simplistic as to be almost nonsensical. The American (and South Vietnamese) point of view is presented by some U.S. official presumably talking to a news correspondent while their shoes are being shined by Phi Lan. Later, the boy is taken to a Vietcong hideout where he hears an indoctrination session. Both episodes seem ludicrous, and Coutard makes no further attempt to penetrate the fog.

In a series of incidents the prevalent atmosphere of corruption in Saigon is shown, as are the work of the Cong by night and the ever-present copters and tanks and heavy guns of the other side by day. But for anyone who follows the war coverage on television, the miles of filmed reports by news teams are far more illustrative, not to mention more cutting and trenchant, than anything recorded by Coutard. The corruption he shows seems minor when compared with the disgusting drug problem (undoubtedly fostered by the very people we are supposed to be freeing for democracy) and its toll, no matter how controlled. In fact, Coutard seems to have seen very little in spite of his great efforts to record telling detail. He presents a child's-eye view of the tragedy but, while doing so, mutes the horror. One might also note that the kindliest person encountered in the film happens to be a French nurse. A touch of chauvinism, perhaps?

An Italian director, Valerio Zurlini, takes a totally different tack in attempting to dramatize the black ferment in Africa. *Black Jesus,* which equates the assassination of a black leader, presumably Patrice Lumumba, with the Passion of Christ, was made more than three years ago, and its importation here is probably due to the discovery of a huge black film audience that has made unexpected commercial successes out of movies with black heroes and predominantly black casts. It is not unlikely that Woody Strode, a stalwart, capable actor, long in demand for Western and action pictures, will now achieve star ranking. Certainly his characterization of a black leader with a charismatic hold over a host of followers has an unexpected gentleness, and he gives the Christ-like sufferings he is subjected to a strange dignity.

It should be said immediately, though, that the film is violent to the point of sadism. The white colonel who hunts Strode down uses torture as a political weapon; the blows struck are vicious, the continual screams bloodcurdling. Nails are pounded through Strode's hands in an effort to get him to renounce his crusade. For those not too squeamish to find New Testament parallels, it's all pretty much there: the colonel as Pontius Pilate (played well by Jean Servais), Franco Citti as the good thief. There is a black Judas, and a black soldier cooperating with the white (and black) authorities serves as the actual killer, but it is done by knife and not crucifixion. The film makes no attempt to propagandize one way or the other; rather, it presents a bloody equation of our time with an event (perhaps myth) of two thousand years ago. Zurlini is also mordantly saying, one suspects, that a religion espousing peace has for one of its pillars of faith an even more luridly violent happening. I doubt, though, that this point justifies the making of as sickeningly melodramatic a film as *Black Jesus,* or its commercial intent.

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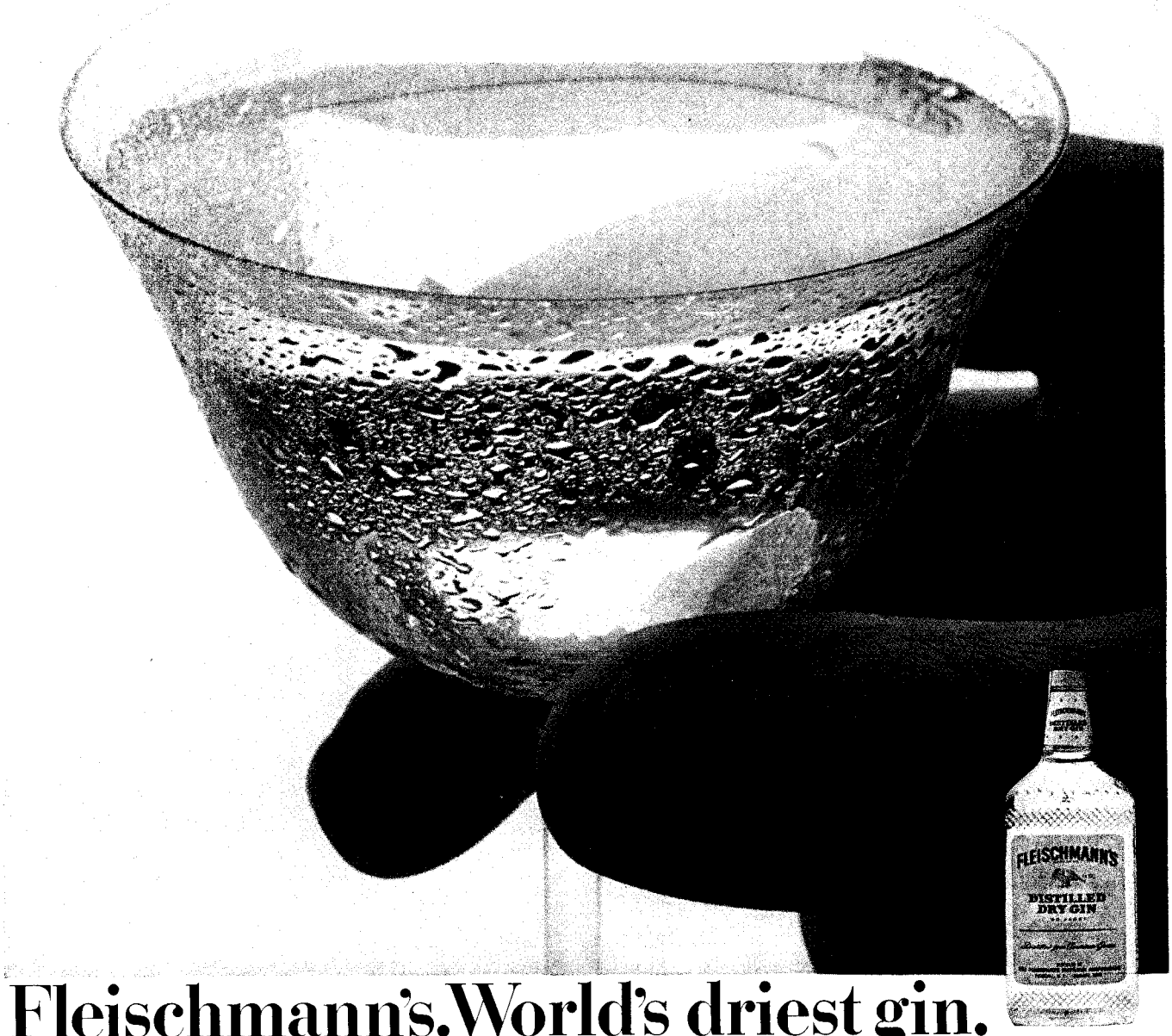

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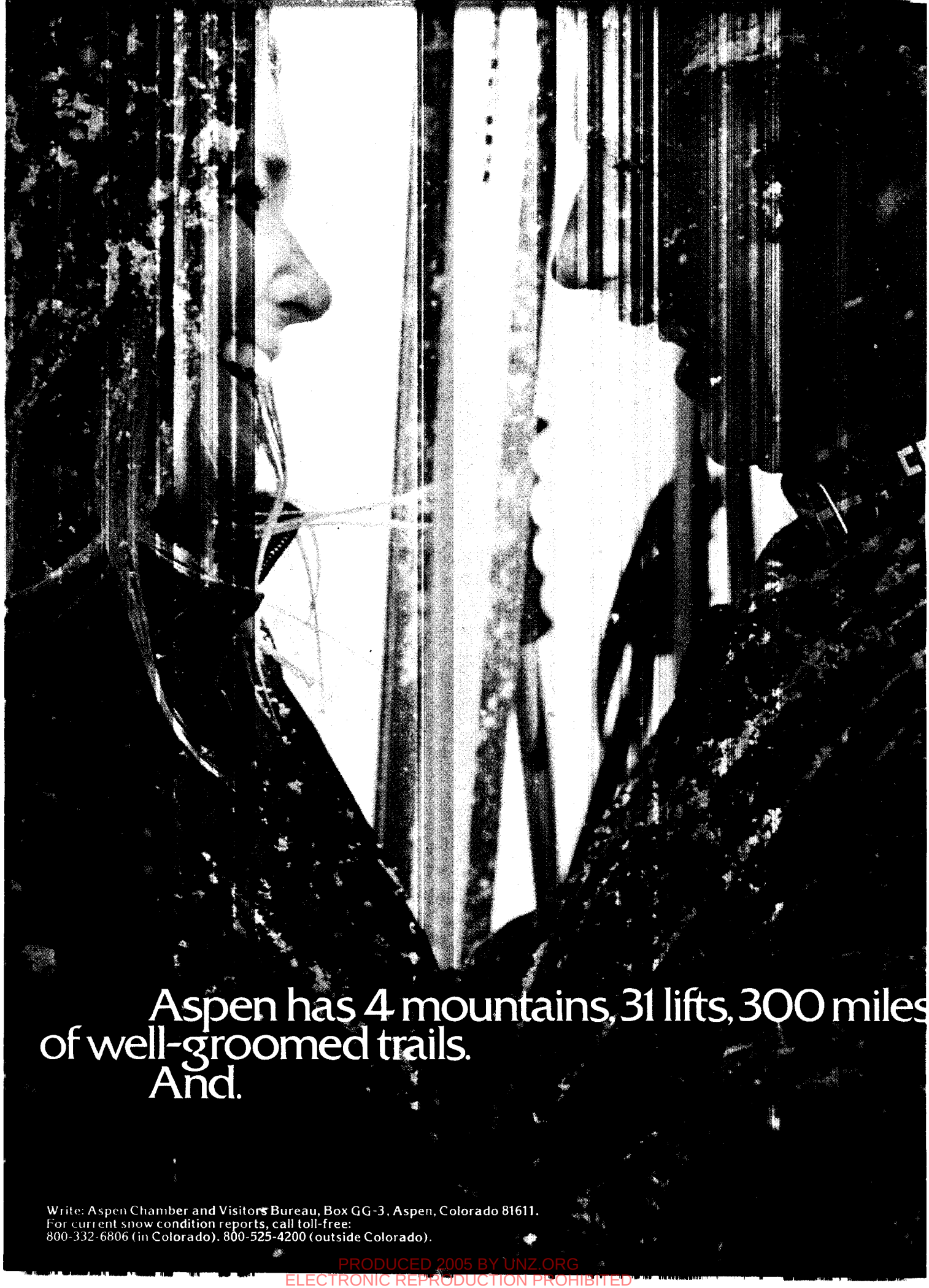

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The Flesh-and-Blood Face on the Commemorative Stamp

by ALBERT ROTHENBERG

AFTER GREAT PAIN:
The Inner Life of Emily Dickinson

by John Cody

Harvard, 538 pp., $14.95

THE HIDDEN LIFE OF EMILY DICKINSON

by John Evangelist Walsh

Simon & Schuster, 286 pp., $7.95

Sigmund Freud was a highly cultured man and a lover of art and literature. In the early days of psychoanalysis, when he was attempting to formulate and corroborate his far-reaching concepts about the nature of man, he turned respectfully to the analysis of masterworks of art and literature and to the lives of exceptionally creative persons. He believed that great works of art and literature contained universal psychological truths and that the study of artists' and writers' lives would reveal basic psychological truths in persons of heightened sensibility. Imagine his excitement and delight, then, when he thought he saw evidence for such processes as the Oedipus complex in the works and lives of da Vinci, Dostoevsky, and Shakespeare or thought he could explain some of the dynamic tensions of the Michelangelo painting of Moses by means of the psychoanalytic concepts he had formulated. A fine writer himself, this excitement comes through in all of Freud's studies of art and literature. But Freud was notably cautious in his approach to psychological evidence, and he carefully stipulated the limits of psychoanalytic investigation with respect to art and literature in his famous disclaimer (in the Dostoevsky study): "Before the problem of the creative artist, psychoanalysis must, alas, lay down its arms." He was primarily interested in corroborating the psychoanalytic findings he had made in patients rather than in contributing to esthetics or literary criticism.

No such caution is apparent in the majority of psychoanalytic studies of art and literature by his followers. In the last thirty or forty years since Freud's monumental works, psychoanalysts have analyzed and reanalyzed the biographies, paintings, sculptures, poems, novels, plays, and musical compositions of almost every notably creative artist of the last two centuries. While the universal existence of an Oedipus complex has certainly been demonstrated through these studies, and many other valuable insights about psychological functioning have resulted, it is still questionable how much such inquiries contribute to the appreciation and understanding of art and literature.

Whether they tell us anything about the psychology of the artistic creative process is also doubtful. The strength of psychoanalysis as a science is that it derives evidence about psychological processes through a collaboration between the psychoanalyst and his patient, a collaboration that allows the patient to correct and refine the psychoanalyst's understanding of unique personal processes. The psychoanalyst obtains a wealth of corroborated information not obtainable in ordinary interpersonal discourse or even in works of great literature or letters of great artists. Furthermore, the psychoanalyst gathering evidence from

ALBERT ROTHENBERG is principal investigator of the research project entitled "Studies in the Creative Process," which is supported by the National Institute of Mental Health. Dr. Rothenberg is also an associate professor of psychiatry at Yale University School of Medicine.

SR: BOOKS

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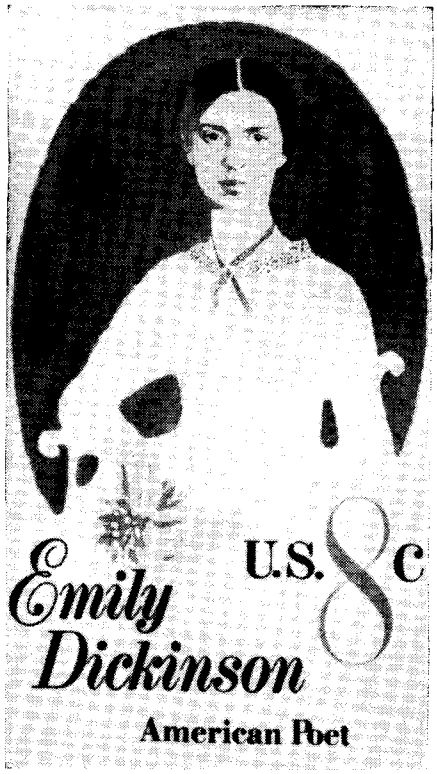
a patient pays exquisitely sharp attention to the context of his patient's remarks and tries to base his understanding of these remarks on a full consideration of the meaning of the context. For example, if a patient quotes a comment he made to his mother, the analyst does not necessarily take this comment as a statement of fact but tries to interpret the patient's intent in quoting the comment to him and considers other possible distorting factors. So, too, when an artist paints a picture or a poet writes a poem or when either writes a letter to his mother, the analyst must pay exquisite attention to the context of these acts. So far, few psychoanalysts have done so. Consequently, they have contributed little to the understanding and appreciation of the creative arts and, unlike Freud's, their efforts lack the excitement of original discovery.

John Cody's *After Great Pain*, a psychoanalytic study of the life and works of Emily Dickinson, should have been an exception. Totally unrecognized as a poet during her lifetime, Emily Dickinson was the daughter of Congressman Edward Dickinson, Amherst's leading citizen. She spent the latter portion of her life as a recluse in her father's house, seeing no one but her sister, Lavinia, who lived with her, and a few special friends and members of the family. Even Mabel Todd, who was later to become the major organizer and editor for her poetry and to whom she wrote several poems, never talked with her in person though Mrs. Todd visited the house many times. The poet, garbed—as always—in a white dress, once flitted by the living-room doorway, allowing Mrs. Todd a quick glimpse, and on another occasion she called down from upstairs to thank her for playing a piece on the Dickinson piano. Never seen on the streets of Amherst during the latter part of her life, Emily Dickinson was referred to by the townspeople as "The Myth." When her poetry was published after her death, it was largely rejected by literary critics of the time but received enormous popular acclaim. She is now accepted as one of America's foremost poets.

If ever a creative person invited psychiatric interest, Emily Dickinson is the one. Her extreme isolation and the lack of public exposure of her poetry during her lifetime provide the circumstances for a rare type of naturally occurring experiment: a poet who could not have been directly influenced by popular response or literary criticism to any extent. She seems to have written poetry primarily for herself yet she achieved great esthetic power and widespread appeal. Moreover, her life was so unusual that even literary historians and critics have felt constrained to speculate about her psychological makeup, as Dr. Cody's footnotes richly illustrate.



Stamp commemorating Emily Dickinson's rare "word magic."

Unfortunately, his analysis does not do justice to the intriguing literary and psychological puzzles in Emily Dickinson's story nor does it avoid the pitfalls of the majority of previous psychoanalytic studies of art and literature. Dr. Cody's major concern is to demonstrate that Emily Dickinson experienced an early rejection by her mother. Also, he attempts to indicate some of the processes which led her to have, in his opinion, one or more psychotic episodes.

These are not uninteresting issues in themselves, and the author bases his approach on a number of good clinical hunches. In searching for possible noxious influences in the poet's childhood, he weighs her relationship with her father, who was known to be rather stern and remote from the family. Dr. Cody points out, however, that this would not necessarily have produced severe psychological wounds in the young woman, and he shifts attention to the less well-known and less clearly defined mother. Emphasizing that a fair amount is on record about the personality of the father through previous biographies and family letters, he suggests that the virtual absence of information about the mother could, in itself, suggest that she was weak and ineffectual in the family scene. So far, so good. We know that a parent who is stern and strongly disciplinary to his children is often remembered vividly and somewhat harshly but that such a parent often conveys more concern and interest in his children than a withdrawn, passive one. When little reference is made to any member of a family, particularly a mother, in family correspondence or other types of interaction (even in the female denigrating nineteenth century), we begin to suspect that the unmentioned person may have had a more important and insidious influence than one complained about vehemently.

Early in his book Dr. Cody attempts to support this clinical hunch with copious quotations from the poet's letters and poems and from letters of members of the family. But here the serious flaws in Dr. Cody's approach to evidence appear: quote after quote is taken out of context of the letter or the poem and elaborated with inference after inference. Finally, he tries to describe the young poet's upbringing by extensive citations from a book on child rearing in the Dickinson library, which he strongly implies Mr. and Mrs. Dickinson followed to the letter.

Dr. Cody's only reasonably direct evidence for maternal rejection are two remarks the poet made as an adult to her erstwhile literary adviser, Thomas Wentworth Higginson. "I always ran Home to Awe as a child, if anything befell me. He was an awful Mother, but I liked him better than none," and "I never had a mother." Strong as these two statements are, even if viewed along with the poet's at times highly strange behavior, they are far from proof of maternal rejection. In accepting them as literal expressions of the poet's true feelings about her mother, Dr. Cody, who refers to them frequently throughout the book, completely ignores the context in which they were made. They are the remarks of the adult poet to the man she was trying hard to impress (note, by the way, that she uses a poetic play on the words "Awe" and "awful" in the first remark) and not the confidence of a patient to her analyst. Such an oversight on Dr. Cody's part is unforgivable since he, along with other Dickinson biographers, readily acknowledges that the poet made remarks to Higginson to produce an effect—most notably her strange assertion to him that her father never let her read any books but the Bible when she was a child.

This oversight weakens Dr. Cody's quite interesting defense of psychoanalytic biography in the introduction to *After Great Pain*. There he tries to counter the argument that psychoanalytic biography is unreliable because the biographer has no access to a dead writer's associations or thoughts about his poems, letters, or dreams—the psychoanalyst's technical way of talking about collaboration and

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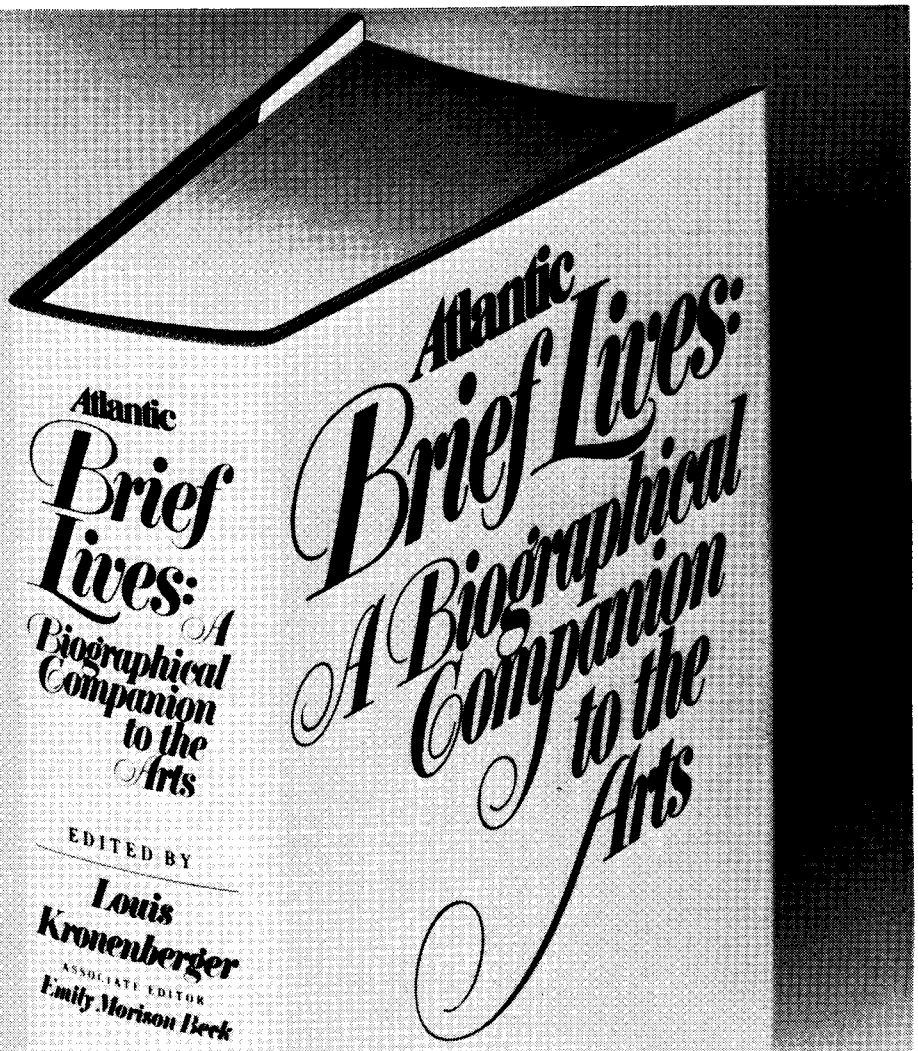

Atlantic
Brief Lives:
A Biographical Companion to the Arts

EDITED BY
Louis Kronenberger
ASSOCIATE EDITOR
Emily Morison Beck

All reference works are factual. This one gets personal.

When John Updike writes a short biography of Kierkegaard, it's a labor of love, because he's personally involved. It's also a first-class piece of writing—entertaining, literate, and highly informative. The same goes for Stephen Spender on Baudelaire, Jacques Barzun on Berlioz, Francis Steegmuller on Degas, or Walter Kerr on Euripides.

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feedback from a patient—by pointing out that the biographer has a chance to study material from an entire life span. The psychoanalytic biographer, he states, has an advantage over the psychoanalyst treating a patient, particularly a young patient, because he is able to view both the onset and the final outcome of various types of behavior and psychological processes. Interesting and provocative as this suggestion is, we find Dr. Cody undoing himself by indiscriminately picking information from different stages of Emily Dickinson's life. He pays little attention to psychological factors related to the poet's age when she made the remarks he considers significant, psychological factors that might distort her view of her childhood. Unfortunately, such errors are fairly common in psychoanalytic biographies.

Was Emily Dickinson psychotic? Viewing the over-all configuration of her life—the long period of intense seclusion and the strange habit of dressing solely in white—most psychiatrists would conclude she had been psychotic at some point or at least that she bordered on psychosis. Indeed, during her day many of the lay people of Amherst assumed that she was unbalanced. As Dr. Cody saliently notes, it is primarily idolizing literary critics, the poet's family and her editors who argue against a serious psychiatric illness. Affirming it need not detract from her achievements nor disparage her as a person.

Dr. Cody is to be applauded for his unsentimental scientific concern for the truth, which results in the poet's emergence as human being rather than a mysterious saint. But, again, he must be faulted for the way he attempts to prove his thesis. Arguing that she had one or more psychotic episodes between 1857 and 1864, when a large number of her poems were written, he turns for proof to a literal interpretation of the poems themselves. Quoting such phrases as "And then a Plank in Reason, broke," "I felt a Cleaving in my Mind/As if my Brain had split" and "I thought—/My Mind was going numb," he asserts that Emily Dickinson was describing her own experience of going out of her mind. He recognizes, of course, that the poems containing these lines are eminently coherent, and he goes to great lengths to point out that psychotic people are not disorganized and irrational throughout the course of their psychosis. Justifying his interpretation of these lines, Dr. Cody writes:

> We must ask ourselves whether anyone, even a poet, can portray a feeling state that he has not himself undergone. And if one grant that this is possible, what could possibly motivate a person to attempt to express what he never felt? It may be replied that Emily Dickinson knew what ordinary depressions were and may even have had some acquaintance with certain severe neurotic ones and that, drawing on such experiences, she could imaginatively have extrapolated and projected the psychotic intensification of depression that is expressed in the poem. However, the intense depersonalization expressed in the phrase "I thought— /My Mind was going numb" and the sense of estrangement conveyed by the image of the universe resonating with the poet's projected despair like a mighty tolling bell convey an intensity of disintegration and a confounding of inner experiences with outer reality which reflect a profound insight into the specific pain of the psychotic state. Where could this insight have come from if not from Emily Dickinson's own inner life? The simplest and most natural explanation is that in this poem Emily Dickinson is talking about herself, that she is describing a real experience which actually happened to her, and that, in the line "And then a Plank in Reason, broke," she is revealing that she had been the victim of a psychological crisis that was not an ego-sparing and relatively benign neurosis, but a reason-disrupting, prostrating psychosis.

While Dr. Cody is certainly right that many people who are psychotic write poetry and are coherent, I don't think he realizes that in his "simplest and most natural explanation" he has naïvely attempted to explain away the whole secret of literary creativity. If poetry and other types of literature were simply descriptions of actual experiences that authors had undergone, we would have no such thing as imagination, nor would we marvel at a writer's capacity to rise above his experience and use it to convey insights and values which are new for him as well as for us. The poetic phrases Dr. Cody quotes may have some complex and hitherto undefined relationship to Emily Dickinson's inner life, but he is completely unjustified in assuming that they describe an actual psychotic incident.

Although Dr. Cody does not prove his point, the hunch that Emily Dickinson had one or more psychotic episodes in her life raises many intriguing questions about the relationship between psychosis and creativity. We know that several writers—Strindberg and Schnitzler come readily to mind—have been able to create great and coherent works of literature during spells of psychosis. Any elucidation of the strange and important period of 1857 to 1864 in Emily Dickinson's life is worthy of attention. In fact, Dr. Cody's analysis becomes most convincing and perceptive when he discusses the events preceding the years of prolific poetic output and the onset of her bizarre, if not psychotic, seclusion.

Rather than follow the popular story that the poet was disappointed in a love affair at this time, Dr. Cody turns to her relationship with her brother and his wife, Susan, whose marriage, he suggests, was devastating to Emily. From copious letters written by all three he marshals a good deal of evidence to buttress his hunch about the poet's need for a mother substitute. Indeed, Dr. Cody's analysis of Susan's importance as a maternal figure for Emily Dickinson and the impact of this relationship on the poet's psychological state for the remainder of her life is so convincing that it almost—but not quite—supports his weak thesis about maternal rejection.

The trouble with psychoanalytic biographies like Dr. Cody's is not that they are worthless but that they are misconceived and misguided. Such inquiries are not, as some would have it, prying and disparaging expeditions into the private lives of hallowed figures of history. The difficulty is not even that the writers of these biographies are poor clinicians in terms of their approach to psychiatric illness (I only seriously considered this possibility once in Dr. Cody's case when I found that he had used six different and, in some instances, incompatible diagnostic terms to apply to related aspects of her behavior: depression, manic behavior, agoraphobia, pseudological phantastica, catatonic schizophrenia and psychogenic eye disorder). The problem is that the authors lack literary and esthetic understanding.

Dr. Cody approaches poetry as though meaning were the sole consideration for the writer or the reader of the poem. He shows no awareness of

WIT TWISTER #234

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

We thought our teacher so _ _ _ _ _ _ _ and grand
That no one _ _ _ _ _ _ _ her or got out of hand,
Until we spied her, _ _ _ _ _ _ _, if you please,
Atop the chemistry professor's knees!

—A. S.

(Answer on page 70)

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meter, assonance, alliteration, or other structural issues in poetry. He ignores the unity and integrity of a poem and the important interrelationship of lines and images. In his search for psychological meaning he too often feels justified in taking phrases out of the context of the poem, paraphrasing them in prose, and considering them to be direct statements of the poet's experience or internal state. Even if he were to argue that Emily Dickinson wrote primarily for herself (which he doesn't) he still would need to consider that her choice of words and even meanings were dictated, in some part, by esthetic factors.

For example, in analyzing the Dickinson poem which begins, "I had been hungry, all the Years," he comes to the lines in stanza 4 which go: "As Berry —of a Mountain Bush/Transplanted— to the Road,' and says, "It is difficult to see why the idea of being in an unsuitable and alien situation (conveyed by the word 'transplanted') should involve the symbol 'Berry' when so many other objects in the natural world are susceptible of being transported to unaccustomed and uncongenial environments. And why precisely a berry from a 'Mountain Bush'?" This is an interesting question, but rather than observe the telling alliteration between the words "Berry" and "Bush," an alliteration which paradoxically links the transplanted berry and the bush, Dr. Cody decides only that the berry symbolizes hymeneal blood.

About the lines "the East/Opens the lid of Amethyst" from the poem which begins, "As Watchers hang upon the East," he says, "It may plausibly be argued that the lid of amethyst has some intrinsic psychological relationship to the previously mentioned 'Ruby Trowsers' of poem 24, which are clearly sex-linked accouterments." Here he not only ignores the way this image enlarges nature rather than limits it (even unconsciously) to sexual imagery, but he relates the line to a phrase in another poem and not at all to lines or images in the same poem. At one point in his book Dr. Cody claims that his analysis helps to explain hitherto obscure Dickinson lines and poems. Anyone who doubts that Dr. Cody's treatment of the poems as "psychological documents" is neither good psychology nor good literary interpretation need but read his extensive analysis of the poem which begins, "My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun." His finding the themes of "1) the fusion of sexuality and destructiveness, 2) the oedipal constellation, 3) the poet's acceptance of the masculine components of her personality" does little to enhance the appreciation of the poem or even correctly explain its psychological meaning.

"Daddy, please come home now."

And what of Emily Dickinson's creativity? Having satisfied himself that the poet's aberrant behavior could be explained on the basis of maternal rejection, Dr. Cody also attempts to attribute her creativity to the same phenomenon. How? Well, since her basic sense of rejection led her into seclusion and isolation, Emily Dickinson had time to devote to writing. Furthermore, her withdrawal from human relationships led her to value and rely on written communication, and her personal unhappiness led her to focus on her inner psychological processes. And on and on and on. Fortunately, such gross oversimplifications are not characteristic of the study as a whole. Dr. Cody does provide interesting thoughts along the way—but they are sadly few and far between. As a reconstruction of Emily Dickinson's life and an understanding of her poetry, *After Great Pain* contains little in the way of adequate archeology (an analogy the author draws in the beginning of the book) or historical reconstruction or even good detective work.

John Walsh's *The Hidden Life of Emily Dickinson* is not a psychoanalytic or even psychologically sophisticated biography but manifestly a piece of literary detective work. Immensely readable and even intriguing, it has the tone of a book that is out to create a literary scandal. Unlike Dr. Cody, who explicitly refrains from speculating about the identity of Emily Dickinson's mysterious lover, the addressee of her famous "Dear Master" letters, Mr. Walsh, the author of *Poe the Detective*, points directly to Judge Otis Lord, a married man and friend of the poet's father. By a clever set of inferences about the wording of the letters and by systematically and logically eliminating others who have been implicated, he insists that her lover was the same man to whom she was almost betrothed later in her life. After his wife died, Judge Lord and the poet carried on an open courtship. Since the "Master" letters were written during the period of her greatest poetic output, the same period during which Dr. Cody suggests she may have been psychotic, the idea that she was in love with this particular married man is of interest.

Of less import is Mr. Walsh's avowed discovery that Emily Dickinson borrowed from Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems. In the best detective-novel style, he leads the reader from clue to clue until he reveals the supposed source of the majority of the borrowings, E. B. Browning's epic poem, "Aurora Leigh." To establish his case, Mr. Walsh compares passages in it with various early Dickinson poems. Although he shies away from directly accusing Emily Dickinson of plagiarism —"plagiarism, but whisper it soft," he says—his goal is to demonstrate that she is not as original as she has generally been taken to be.

Mr. Walsh's demonstration of Emily Dickinson's borrowings is not as persuasive as his Judge Lord-as-lover argument. The similar passages in Browning and Dickinson that he cites indicate a clear poetic influence but they are hardly enough alike to warrant even a whispered charge of direct borrowing or plagiarism. Also, he shows little evidence of any Browning influence on the scores of later poems which helped establish the Dickinson reputation for originality. In a curious way, Mr. Walsh, whose *Strange Harp, Strange Symphony* is a life of the poet Francis Thompson, falls into the same kind of disregard for structure and integrity

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in poetry that Dr. Cody does. After remarking on the similarities in Browning and Dickinson, he states that the latter only added some of her own "word magic" in her own poems. If this were all she did, would that mean she was not original? Mr. Walsh, like Dr. Cody, seems to imply that meaning is all there is to poetry when he ignores the importance of Emily Dickinson's particular "word magic" in the passages he quotes. I think it is fair to say that the "word magic" he so casually dismisses is often the lifeblood of her poems and one of the most original aspects of her poetry.

Mr. Walsh's picture of Emily Dickinson's personality provides an interesting contrast to the one presented by Dr. Cody. Mr. Walsh sees her as an overly dramatic, rather naïve girl who desperately sought fame but who felt so rebuffed by Higginson's lack of encouragement that she gave up trying to have her poetry published. Although Dr. Cody's tortured, sensitive psychotic might also have suffered from lack of encouragement, he does not consider her especially dramatic. Mr. Walsh's emphasis on this tendency of the poet leads him to take some of her remarks with a grain of salt. Consequently, he offers more plausible interpretations at times than Dr. Cody's literal renderings. On the other hand, Mr. Walsh's book is generally unsatisfying to the psychologically oriented because he misses several of the important psychological issues Dr. Cody considers.

Last month, the Emily Dickinson commemorative stamp came out as part of the current American Poets series. I do not think that either of these books is an especially fitting accompaniment to such a tribute. Dr. Cody's sober scientific analysis affords welcome relief from the romanticism that has clothed Emily Dickinson's life until now, and Mr. Walsh's skillfully written book discloses some unknown aspects of her life and work. But there is a debunking quality in both of these works: Dr. Cody, who is director of the High Plains Comprehensive Community Mental Health Center in Hays, Kansas, tries to account for all of Emily Dickinson's behavior, including her creative achievements, through descriptions of psychological processes that occur in everyone, especially patients in the clinic; Mr. Walsh tries to prove she is a borrower. It is really too bad that a better approach to a fine poet could not have been coupled with her commemoration. The best that can be said for the present books is that they try to give some flesh and blood to the mysterious, ethereal figure of Emily Dickinson. In both she is treated as a human being rather than a goddess; they make the face on the commemorative stamp more real.

EINSTEIN:
The Life and Times

by Ronald W. Clark

World, 718 pp., $15

THE BORN-EINSTEIN LETTERS:
Correspondence Between Albert Einstein and Max and Hedwig Born from 1916 to 1955

with commentaries by Max Born
translated from the German
by Irene Born

Walker, 240 pp., $8.50

Reviewed by David M. Locke

■ Albert Einstein was the best-known scientist of the twentieth century. He touched the lives of men and women everywhere by demonstrating that their familiar ideas of time and space were wrong. Not that average man knew precisely what Einstein was saying; indeed, it was an essential part of the mystique that his theories were thought to be so abstruse only a handful of people could understand them. Nonetheless, it was universally recognized that his theories were of cosmic significance.

The public image of Albert Einstein comprised a few visual symbols: the flaring white halo of hair, the large spaniel eyes, catch phrases such as the "fourth dimension" and the "curvature of space," and a single equation: $E=mc^2$. If ever there was a scientific genius—or so the popular view went—it was Einstein.

This view of the physicist is typical of a widely accepted belief that progress in science results chiefly from the efforts of a few solitary geniuses, who single-handedly make discoveries that overturn the established scientific order of their day. The truth, of course, is considerably more complex, and somewhat more prosaic. It is often said that when the time is ripe for a scientific discovery to be made, someone will make it—and it does not matter much who. One thinks of the important discoveries made separately and almost simultaneously by several scientists—the best known example probably being the independent recognition by Charles Darwin and Alfred Russel Wallace of the role of natural selection in evolution.

Individual scientists do, of course, bring different backgrounds, attitudes, and talents to their work, so that some are more likely than others to make certain types of discoveries, and the results themselves are quite likely to be colored by the character of the discoverer. Only Darwin, and not Wallace, produced the *Origin of Species*.

Although Ronald W. Clark, in *Einstein: The Life and Times*, derides the popular view of his subject as an "inspired genius, working in an intellectual vacuum and drawing the Special Theory [of Relativity] from his brain like the conjuror producing the rabbit from the hat," it is fairly clear that he himself shares much the same view. Because Mr. Clark begins with the assumption that Einstein was a genius, he makes little effort to analyze what in the man led to both his early successes and his later apparent failures. To Clark, Einstein's accomplishments were simply the fruit of his genius, and his failures were its limitation. As a

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

JAILER'S DOZEN

For these unlucky but resourceful thirteen, prison sentences resulted in the works listed at the right. Judith Avery of Plymouth, Michigan, sentences you to naming the prison(s) associated with each man, as well as his literary production. Amnesty may be sought on page 70.

1. Berrigan ( )	a. Mettray	A. *Autobiography*
2. Bunyan ( )	b. Dehra Dun	B. *Civil Disobedience*
3. Cleaver ( )	c. Omsk	C. *History of the World*
4. Defoe ( )	d. Birmingham	D. *The House of the Dead*
5. Dostoevsky ( )	e. Soledad	E. *Hymn to the Pillory*
6. Genet ( )	f. Allenwood	F. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*
7. Jackson ( )	g. Bedford County	G. *The Pilgrim's Progress*
8. King ( )	h. Kazakhstan	H. *Prison Journals of a Priest Revolutionary*
9. Malcolm X ( )	i. Tower of London	I. *Soledad Brother*
10. Nehru ( )	j. Concord	J. *Soul on Ice*
11. Raleigh ( )	k. Newgate	K. *The Thief's Journal*
12. Solzhenitsyn ( )	l. Folsom	L. *Toward Freedom*
13. Thoreau ( )	m. Charlestown	M. *Why We Can't Wait*

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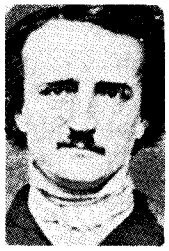
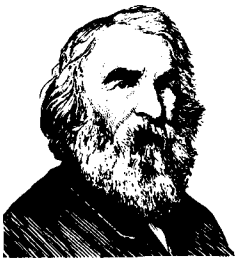
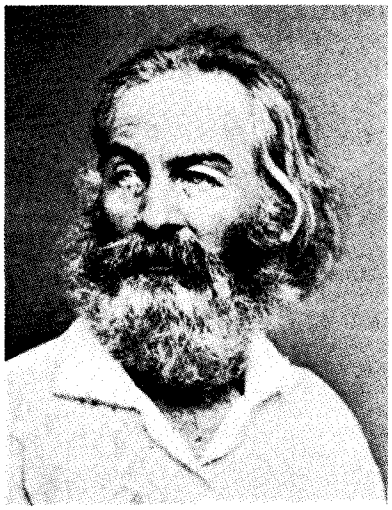
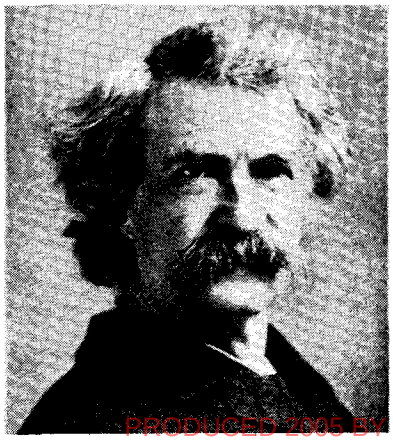
Hear the beautiful sounds of our poets.
Let them stimulate your mind and help
you create images of any time, anywhere.









Rand McNally

publishers
book manufacturers
mapmakers

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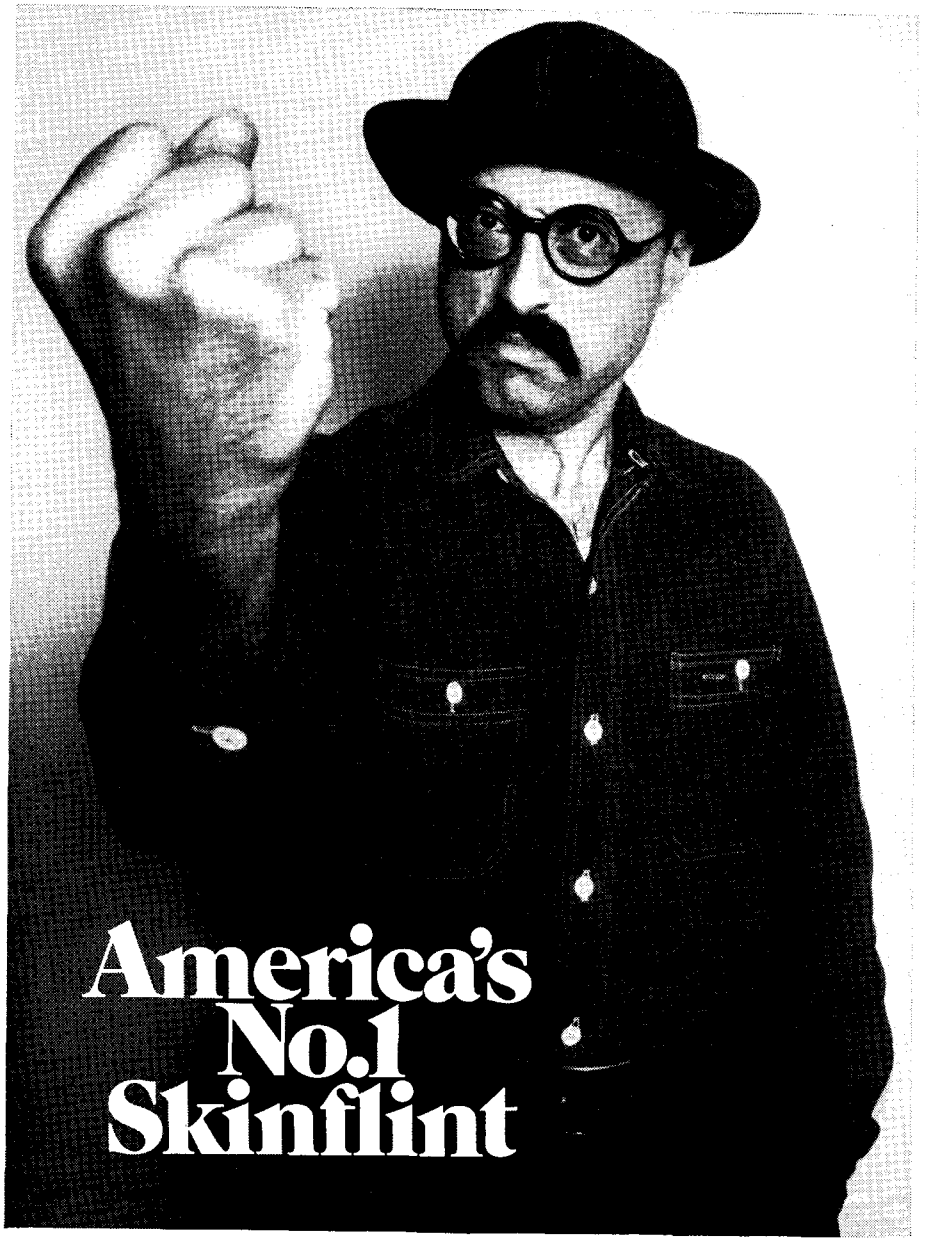

Pictured above is Ralph Ginzburg, the New York magazine publisher; no one is more tightfisted than he. Mr. Ginzburg has made a career of perfecting and implementing ingenious methods of making and holding on to money. Now he has even launched a publication devoted to that subject. Its name is **Moneysworth**.

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The Third Most Expensive Item You'll Ever Buy—It's your funeral, and **Moneysworth** tells how to minimize the grief.

Is She or Isn't She?—A little-known, reliable $2 mail-order self-test kit for pregnancy lets her know for sure.

"How We Live on Less than $75 a Month"

Earn Interest on Your Checking Account

The Unshrouded Facts About Life Insurance—This article may save you *hundreds* of dollars.

Sewing Machines that Seam Fine—Why **Moneysworth** chose a $40 model as its best buy.

No Sweat—25 easy Government jobs that pay 20% more than counterparts in private industry (*some with salaries as high as $36,000 a year*).

Living Afloat without Getting Soaked—By novelist Sloan Wilson.

Freeze-Dried Coffees Rated (and Berated)

Small Bite—How to get dentures from one of America's top dental clinics *for only $40.*

Water Beds Are Making a Big Splash

Hiring a Lawyer to Avoid the Draft

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Providing Your Teenager with Contraception

The Wisdom of Maintaining a Secret Swiss Banking Account—Half a million Americans can't be wrong.

Neurosis and Vitamin Deficiency—The unpublicized views of Dr. Linus Pauling.

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result we discover little about the modus operandi of Einstein the physicist, nor do we learn what particular imprint the Einstein personality left on his field. To be sure, Clark does devote several sections of his book to explanations of the leading Einstein theories, but if a nonphysicist may judge, these are hardly satisfactory.

Neither—although the book contains the relevant biographical data—do we find out much in it about Einstein the man. We do not sense what it would have been like to know him or, more important, to have *been* Einstein—widely revered as one of the greatest minds of the day. Almost reluctantly Clark tells in passing of Einstein's great love for music and his playing of the violin. We yearn to be told more—some particulars of Einstein's musical taste—but Mr. Clark does not oblige.

As though aware of his failure to bring Einstein to life, Clark says that he had little emotional life, that Einstein cut himself off from personal involvement in order to devote himself more fully to his great love, physics. Fortunately, *The Born-Einstein Letters* testifies that he was not the cold fish that Clark lets him seem. For, in the letters of Einstein, exchanged with the physicist Max Born and his wife Hedwig, Einstein appears as a warm and witty human being: "But my heart aches at the thought of the young ones [refugee scientists]." And, in a different vein, ". . . the center of gravity for creative activity is located in different parts of the body in men and women."

The great strength of Clark's biography resides in what the author has to say about Einstein the public figure. Early in his life he seems to have learned the value of a public facade—not unlike Robert Frost—and he allowed himself to develop an air of preoccupied forgetfulness, best demonstrated perhaps in the unconventional and rather seedy dandyism of his dress. (He was too caught up in his own thoughts to remember to wear socks with his dinner jacket.) It was, however, hard to tell where the public *persona* ended and the real man began. Einstein was apparently much like his image, and yet, in his letters, he craftily lets us know from time to time that he is not entirely unaware of the effect he is creating. (In a different context, Einstein admits, "A witty acquaintance said the other day: 'With Einstein all is for the sake of publicity . . .' This is true, or at least partly so.") At any rate, the Einstein image endeared him to the people of the world—especially the great American public—and Einstein was not above taking advantage of the widespread respect and affection felt for him to try to influence public opinion in support of the causes in which he believed.

—drawing in the book of Albert Einstein by Wolfgang Born, 1924

Albert Einstein—early in his life he learned the value of a public facade.

There can be no doubt that Einstein was profoundly committed to pacifism. From the outbreak of the First World War until the accession to power of Adolf Hitler, Einstein's name could be found on every pacifist manifesto that appeared. Nevertheless, with the rise of Hitler, Einstein at once accepted what he felt to be the necessity for the world to take up arms against the Nazis. Indeed, he blamed much of Hitler's initial success on the earlier efforts of the pacifists of England and France. It was at this time that Einstein signed the famous letter to President Roosevelt, urging him to commission research on the atom bomb because of the likelihood that Germany was already at work on one.

Although he did not consider himself "very Jewish" and at first opposed the formation of a Jewish political state, Einstein permitted himself to be drawn deeply into the Zionist cause, chiefly due to the increasing persecution of the Jews in Germany. Probably at the heart of all Einstein's political and social involvements was his love-hate relationship with Germany, the country of his birth. It is quite clear that his childhood was not entirely a happy one, and although anti-Semitism in Germany at the time was not great, the young Einstein apparently did not fit well into his surroundings. In 1894, when he was fifteen, the family moved to Italy, and a year later Albert deliberately gave up his German citizenship. By 1914, however, with the intervening years spent chiefly in Switzerland, Einstein had settled in Berlin, drawn by the presence of other leading physicists and by an attractive academic post. For nearly two decades—the major part of his creative life—Einstein remained there, and was a part of German society. But during this same period he also found himself more and more at odds with the tide of anti-Semitism and militarism rising around him. In 1933 he left Germany, never to return, and, unlike his friend Born, was never to forgive the German people for their betrayal of his ideals.

These matters are at the core of the Clark biography, and the author covers them thoroughly, though with considerable repetition. In fact, the book is constructed in a circular manner, telling at each juncture in its subject's life how he had reacted earlier and how he was to react later to similar events. The result is a numbing of interest.

It is noteworthy, as Clark makes clear, that in much of what Einstein tried to accomplish in the social and political sphere he was tragically unsuccessful. His careless public statements, his impractical idealism, his frequent public change of mind—all tended to counteract the tremendous publicity value of the Einstein name. In addition, Einstein's *persona* was a mixed blessing. He might be the wisest man in the world when he spoke about the structure of the universe, but he was more likely to seem simply the bemused little man in baggy pants when he talked about social reform.

Read together, the biography by Clark and *The Born-Einstein Letters* yield a reasonably complete picture of the "whole" Einstein. The biography provides details of Einstein's life and a thorough assessment of Einstein the political animal. The letters reveal Einstein the physicist and Einstein the man. Although the latter contain considerable shop talk which is all but incomprehensible to anyone but a physicist, Born himself supplies generally illuminating commentaries; and the glimpse of the Einstein mind at work is unforgettable. Einstein's own letters in the collection never fail to reveal his charm and courtesy, expecially toward Hedwig Born, who emerges from her correspondence as a pesky and persistent bluestocking, determined to inflict her lofty thoughts and literary effusions upon Einstein.

Representative of their differences, both books quote from a moving account of Einstein's last days by his stepdaughter Margot. Clark feels called upon to add details of his own, specifying that Einstein "took two deep breaths and died," a curious bit of information that is undocumented in the author's voluminous notes. Born is content to let Margot Einstein's account stand on its own merits.

David M. Locke is a science writer and assistant director of the Science Information Program at the Illinois Institute of Technology.

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BOOKS DO FURNISH A ROOM

by Anthony Powell

Little, Brown, 241 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Gina Mallet

■ The title of Anthony Powell's tenth volume in "The Music of Time" series comes from the full nickname of one of the characters, "Books" Bagshaw, a revolutionary journalist and friend of Nick Jenkins, Powell's spokesman. It was rumored that Bagshaw, while advancing naked towards a theater critic'swife in her husband's book-lined study, threw a sop to bourgeois values by observing, "Books do furnish a room." The lady tattled, and the nickname stuck. Inappropriate as the remark seemed to her, it is the cream of Powell's jest. Detachment from one's predicament is the hallmark of Englishmen with aristocratic connections, and the source of their humor. Thus throughout the series Powell has kept his cool while providing a running commentary on the conflicts and drama that have swirled around Jenkins from the First World War through the Second. A corporate national life has been developed through an assortment of individual psychobiographies—creating a prism of England that captures not only the life-style of the upper classes as their values and prestige erode, but the quality of life itself in a tight little island where relationships take on a circuitous, almost oriental, cast—interlocking people across class, caste, and sex boundaries.

This first installment of the final trilogy of Powell's series affords a satirical glimpse at another facet of England: the publishing world of the late Forties, which Old Etonian, ex-Captain Jenkins enters through a web of contacts to become a contributor to a new literary magazine. Again, Powell puts a slice of life under the microscope, jots down salient details, and lets a pattern take shape. With spare eloquence, he evokes an exhausted postwar England echoed by Jenkins's own loss of conviction as he begins to research the life of Sir Richard Burton. Drawn back into the affairs of his wife's family, the Tollands—an octopus whose tentacles stretch the breadth of English society—he joins other survivors of the war at a family funeral. Here the point counterpoint of prewar days is replaced by a more strident note. For among the mourners is school grind and social buffoon Widmerpool, now a Conservative MP and married to Pamela Flitton, a *femme fatale* with the mien of Madame Defarge. Widmerpool, who dabbles in publishing, leads Nick into a halfway house between the leisured past and frenzied future, inhabited by parlor pinks and idlers (mostly old friends). Among them is a promising novelist whose affair with and annihilation by Pamela serves to reveal Powell's theme: the carpetbaggers have arrived, and from the ashes of London the Widmerpools rise like malevolent twin-headed phoenixes.

Despite all its skillful design and deft execution, *Books* is disappointingly mechanical. Powell still pulls off a trick or two, such as the incongruous tableau of red Earl "Erry" 's funeral, but the old magician seems to be losing his sleight of hand. Although he can pluck characters out of the air to haunt the imagination, they no longer embark on lives of their own, but move transparently to his bidding. Whether because Jenkins's world fell apart in the Forties or simply because intellectual perception cannot alone sustain a saga, the device of Nick Jenkins as Powell's shadowy alter ego has become a trap. Since he has no emotional life of his own to speak of, Jenkins's neutral stance denotes a eunuch's superiority over his more involved fellows. His languid monologue, which has assumed a knowing tone, is pitched to an ever smaller circle of old friends, and Powell's ear for dialogue, better than Pinter's, is wasted on this amorphous *porte-parole*, who appears to be most things to all men.

On one level, *Books* re-creates a recent period of English history. But should it be called a novel? With the deadly accuracy of a soap opera it records a multitude of inconsequential details on the same frequency as important events, thereby robbing the work of any sense of discovery. In the dazzling first six novels of the series Powell's detachment succeeded, perhaps because he was describing a group of people groping with the inevitability of World War II. The postwar blues are harder to define, and it no longer seems credible to deny the unexpected in life.

Powell has, of course, two more books in which to restore a balance to "The Music of Time," and his own unpredictability should not be underrated. It may be asking too much to have the series end with a bang rather than a whimper, but an esthetic distance needs to be restored between Powell and his subject.

Gina Mallet is a free-lance writer and literary critic.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1469

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1469 will be found in the next issue.

DPFPV HPDB SNQV YPCB.

CXTCSM YNXB AU YAZY.

XNNG UYP TNVXB MUVCAZYU

AD UYP KCLP.

—YPXPD GPXXPV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1468

Do not do unto others as you would that they should do unto you. Their tastes may not be the same.

—SHAW

WILLY REMEMBERS

by Irvin Faust

Arbor House, 249 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Joseph Catinella

■ Meet Willy T. Kleinhans: husband, father, patriot, and possessor of a memory that merits the track record for the broad jump. True, Willy doesn't remember the Alamo, but he remembers the *Maine*—the United States battleship that exploded in Havana harbor in 1898. He also remembers William McKinley, Mark Hanna, Lillian Russell, "Buffalo Bill" Cody, Clara Barton, Clara Bow, and just about every other celebrity, hit song, brand name, and news bulletin from the end of the nineteenth century to the present time.

He's an original, all right, this sassy, spunky ninety-three-year-old veteran of the Spanish-American War. And *Willy Remembers* is a great, big, beautiful hunk of Americana—a luscious novel that re-creates a vernal period in our nation's history when war was believed to be a test of strength and courage, and a man's love of country competed only with pride in his family.

For all of its nostalgic charm, Irvin Faust's third novel is an honest portrait of a man who is often bigoted, jingoistic, and just plain bilious. Why then is Willy Kleinhans so likable? Because he always levels with the reader, never hiding his prejudices or loyalties. That we care about Willy, delight in his victories, and sympathize with his losses is a triumph of the novelist's art over a few unlovely traits in his protagonist's character.

In his heyday Willy owned Farmbest Dairies, the only creamery that delivered milk during the blizzard of '88, and "the oldest in New York and that goes for Borden and Sheffield which

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are monopoly players anyway and should be investigated by the Interstate Commerce Commission." He fought against homogenizing his milk and pouring it into wax containers with the same frenzy that made him charge up San Juan Hill alongside his outfit—the Seventy-First New York Volunteers. Whether distrusting Jews, blacks, Italians, Irishmen, quarreling with his family, or disdaining Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders ("the roughest ride they ever had was on top of Mrs. Astor"), Willy is fierce, crude, pugnacious, but disarming.

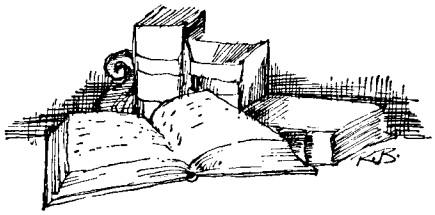
His narrative is a collage of facts, folklore, and dreams, partly tracing the war fever that gripped American politics during McKinley's administration. In a style notable for its wide range of color and tone, the author evokes the imperialist spirit of late nineteenth-century America—the demagoguery of Hearst and Pulitzer, whipping the country into battle cries; the panache of Lieutenant Colonel Teddy Roosevelt, winning headlines back in the States by giving the impression that he was fighting the war singlehandedly, while anonymous troops in Cuba suffered and died.

That impression is corrected by Willy, one of the "little" people ignored by history. Willy goes to Cuba with a sense of bravado ("In my humble opinion there is nothing like a Caribbean cruise before starting a war.") but his experiences in battle are frequently painful and grotesque. Here Faust's prose is haunting in a way that Stephen Crane might have envied—a writer Willy persistently confuses with the man who married Lana Turner.

Willy survives the calamities of war and even those of peace. His account of his unconsummated wedding night is an episode in endurance, whose humor and pathos are equaled only when, years later, his vague and aimless son Frank Joseph announces he wants to major in pole vaulting. Willy restrains his rage: "There's no *call* for pole vaulters. Believe me, I'm in the business world, I know."

Hilarious as they are, these passages are rooted in Willy's character—in his intense though firmly controlled love for his family. Any reader who is a father or son will be especially moved by Willy's relationship with his two sons, whose different personalities yet similar destinies yield some of the most touching moments in the book.

What makes *Willy Remembers* so striking is its diverse texture: sad, funny, boisterous, at times oddly quiet. Not since *Roar Lion Roar and Other Stories* (1965) has Faust written with this kind of breadth and dexterity. *The Steagle* (1966) was an absorbing study of a college professor's need to mythologize his life and times, but *The File on Stanley Patton Buchta* (1970) never completely succeeded in humanizing its policeman-hero, who remained curiously undefined.



No such trouble afflicts *Willy Remembers*. Here each scene has its own color and energy, filtered through the memory of a man who is always one hell of a live wire. You really should get to know him.

Joseph Catinella is a book editor for a major publishing house and a freelance critic.

THE RAFT OF THE MEDUSA

by Vercors
translated from the French
by Audrey C. Foote

McCall, 185 pp., $6.50

Reviewed by William Beauchamp

■ Vercors, a mountainous region in southeastern France famous as a stronghold of the Resistance, is also the pseudonym of Jean Bruller—illustrator and writer—who is best known for his wartime novel, *The Silence of the Sea*. When it was published in 1941 this study of a Francophile German officer and the French family with whom he is billeted had a wide impact. Like it, Vercors's latest fiction, *The Raft of the Medusa*, is glibly written, transparent, superficial, and dull.

The hero, Frédéric Legrand, is a celebrated left-wing writer, recently killed in an auto accident (one thinks here of Camus, at other times of Rimbaud or Lautréamont, but this is not a *roman à clef*). Tapes and notes of his sessions with a female therapist are found and organized by the first-person narrator after the lady herself is also killed in an auto accident. These gradually reveal that the middle-aged revolutionary is really a bourgeois at heart, whereas his bourgeois cousin and rival is a true radical.

Psychologically banal, the text reads at times like a handbook of updated aphorisms. The therapist comes on like Joyce Brothers: "I've been suspecting for ages that our traditional system of marks, ranking, exams has a pernicious effect on sensitive, naïve young minds." The brilliant, iconoclastic hero's insights are just as wondrous.

Vercors inveighs in the prologue against "abstruse" contemporary writers and extols the literary virtues of "transparency": in the reader's awareness, language should recede, referential reality predominate. "If one *publishes*, it is in order to be read, to be understood—so transparency is the minimal courtesy." That is to say: 1) the function of literature is to transmit ideas; 2) there should be no focus on language; 3) the reader should not be forced out of his mental (linguistic, literary, cultural) furrows; 4) it is insulting to demand a second or third reading. In one swoop, the narrator—and Vercors—have dismissed Nietzsche, Rimbaud, Lautréamont, Mallarmé, Yeats, Proust, Joyce, Eliot, Pound, Valéry, Beckett. . . .

Apparently Vercors has never questioned the French seventeenth-century view of language and literature—still revered as a self-evident truth by most of his countrymen—and would surely vote to burn Roland Barthes at the stake for impieties such as the following: "to write is not to establish an easy relationship with the median of all possible readers, but to establish a difficult relationship with one's own language" (*Critique et Vérité*, 1966).

Vercors opts for the median of all possible readers. Books are commodities readers consume. *The Raft of the Medusa* is to the novel what most TV drama is to dramatic literature, and doubtless it will be relished by those for whom fiction is defined as endless variations on familiar themes, using familiar devices in familiar ways.

William Beauchamp teaches French literature at Columbia, and is managing editor of The Romanic Review.

EDSEL

by Karl Shapiro

Bernard Geis, 308 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by James Reiss

■ In the last few years several established American poets have written novels, and at least two of them have become best sellers. Now those of us who grew up with such poems as "Auto Wreck" and "V-Letter" have the opportunity of seeing the Pulitzer Prize-winning Karl Shapiro off the slopes of Parnassus, blitzing his way bitterly through the groves of academe with his first novel. Actually, Professor Shapiro has been one of the most outspoken critics of the teaching profession for years, so *Edsel*'s cynicism should come as no surprise.

Witness Edsel Lazerow, middle-aged Regents Professor of English and poet-in-residence at Milo University. Like his first name, Edsel is outmoded—

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almost antique—and badly in need of a lube job. On the rebound after a divorce and fresh from a State Department lecture tour of Europe, he returns to Midwestern Milo and takes up with the sexpot beautician Wanda in some of the wildest, raunchiest misadventures since *Portnoy's Complaint*. In fewer than a hundred pages Edsel and Wanda grunt through orgy after orgy —of eccentric masturbation. Edsel is twice Portnoy's age and, like his surname, Lazerow (Lazarus), also badly in need of, well, resurrection. So he abandons Wanda and embarks on a quest for fulfillment with the lovely, sensitive Marya.

Meanwhile, Milo—town and university—has become a dithering idiot's nest of doped-up student radicals, establishment profs, and outside agitators upset by the biggest bust in the history of the local police department. When he is asked to take sides with the crazies, Edsel opts out in a fit of marvelously poignant indignation, preferring to solve his worsening personal problems. His opting out is, of course, considered a cop out, and he reaps the tragicomic consequences. *Edsel* would seem to be based on Shapiro's encounters with radicals as a college professor at the University of Nebraska. Minor characters like Professors Oscar Darling, Brom Janiczek, and Chancellor Irick are all devastatingly accurate academic types, and suggest that the university novel did not die with *Herzog* or *Lucky Jim*; it may, in fact, be needed more than ever in 1971. Moreover, the two hilarious poetasters, Akiba the guru and Wigglesworth the poet of "social commitment," appear to be modeled on poets we have all met or read about.

Like so many Jewish-American protagonists, Edsel is part-*picaro*, part-*schlemiel*, foulmouthed and half-mad, making it on sheer *chutzpah* and lots of sex, yet more than a little pathetic, an obvious target for pie in the face. But, because Shapiro keeps us strangely at a distance from him, it is sometimes hard to believe in Edsel or to credit his relationship with the lovely but somewhat incredible Marya. No doubt about it though—Edsel is larger than life; the poetry of his thought-speech is not the sort you would hear on any ordinary street or campus. And, aside from a talky slowness in its midsection, the novel is a triumph of style, exploding into page after page of the kind of gutsy vividness that has long distinguished Shapiro's best essays and poetry. Style, after all, may be a poet's greatest gift to the novel. *Edsel* illustrates this beautifully.

James Reiss, who teaches at Miami University (Ohio), recently edited "Self-Interviews," by James Dickey.

CALLEY, by Arthur Everett, Kathryn Johnson, and Harry F. Rosenthal *(Dell, 306 pp., $1.25)*; **THE MAKING OF A HERO: The Story of Lieut. William Calley Jr., by Wayne Greenhaw** *(Touchstone, 226 pp., $6.95)*; **CALLEY: Soldier or Killer?, by Tom Tiede** *(Pinnacle Books, 158 pp., 95¢)*; **LIEUTENANT CALLEY: His Own Story, as told to John Sack** *(Viking, 181 pp., $4.95)*; **THE COURT-MARTIAL OF LT. CALLEY, by Richard Hammer** *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 398 pp., $7.95)*

Reviewed by Herbert Mitgang

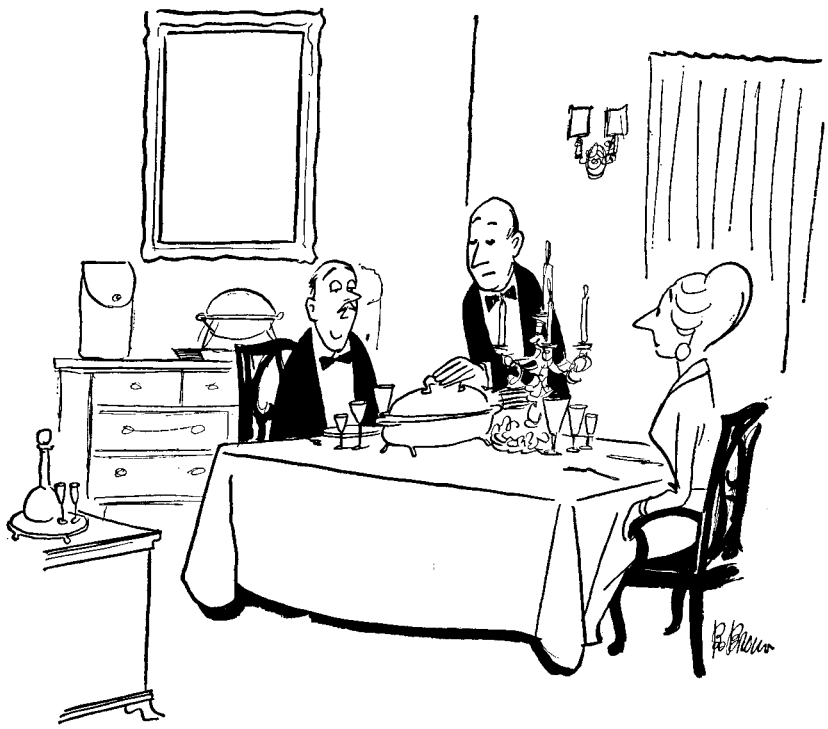
■ Hannah Arendt described Adolf Eichmann in a phrase: the banality of evil. A twist on that comes to mind after reading a handful of books on Lieutenant William Calley: the evil of banality.

Calley was something of a loser, a dropout, a boy strike-breaker. In its wisdom the United States Army made him into a lieutenant despite a poor record. He was put in command of an infantry platoon and told to obey orders and make others obey him. While the Bundys and the Rostows and the Kissingers in their White House and State Department think tanks devised theoretical schemes, it was the Calleys who carried them out and did the shooting in the free-fire zones.

The lieutenant who led the massacre of civilians at Mylai might in ordinary circumstances have been a gas jockey along U.S. 1. He would not have carried out government policy, been required to interpret the Articles of War, or called upon to make sudden judgments about the civilian "enemy" in a combat area considered hostile. The more experienced captain, colonel, and generals above Calley might have exercised restraint and behaved otherwise at Mylai but, even after the killings, they became party to the coverup and demanded to have their body count. Further up the line Mylai received not condemnation but commendation. The story, after all, only came out later because an ordinary former soldier pursued it and a Congressman—Morris K. Udall of Arizona—caused the Army to investigate the incident.

At some point in a chain of command there is individual responsibility. That Lieutenant Calley broke the ordinary "rules" of war and killed women and children was affirmed by a number of eyewitnesses at the court-martial. That the case remains an open matter for the American conscience—government, military, civilian—has been borne out by the public reaction. To some, Lieutenant Calley is not a killer but a hero, in spite of the weight of evidence against him and the decision of a fair-minded military court. To others, Lieutenant Calley is a victim of circumstances. To the general who decreased his sentence from life to twenty years —with the possibility of parole after seven—the reduced term was "appropriate for the offenses." President Nixon set the tone when he said that his will be the final word no matter what the appeal courts decide.

Turning to the books on Calley, the one common thread is not simply the issue of guilt or innocence but rather that of responsibility. This was the fundamental question raised in *Nuremberg and Vietnam*, by Telford Taylor,



"I wish our cook could cook like mother's cook used to cook."

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the former chief U.S. prosecutor during the trials of the Nazi leaders.

An Associated Press reporting team—Arthur Everett, Kathryn Johnson, and Harry F. Rosenthal—has turned out a workmanlike account in *Calley*, which includes some of the basic documents of the case, such as trial prosecutor Captain Aubrey Daniel's bold letter to President Nixon deploring his intervention. In *The Making of a Hero* Wayne Greenhaw, an Alabama newspaperman who disclosed that Lieutenant Calley was being held by the Army at Fort Benning, has marred his account by overpersonalizing it. Tom Tiede, in *Calley: Soldier or Killer?*, offers the perspective of an experienced Vietnam reporter, concluding: "I grieve for those he has slaughtered, I grieve for the soldiers he so irreparably maligned, and I grieve for this nation which has so myopically rushed to his undeserved rescue."

One of the two most important books coming out of the case is *Lieutenant Calley: His Own Story*, the first serial installment of which appeared in *Esquire* with a sick-humor cover photograph of Calley surrounded by smiling Oriental children. The other is *The Court-Martial of Lt. Calley*, by Richard Hammer, who wrote about Mylai in *One Morning in the War* and now presents the full details of the trial in perspective. Of the books to emerge since the court-martial, Hammer's report is by far the most objective and thoughtful.

The Calley autobiography is the product of a collaboration with John Sack, an inventive writer on his own, as he showed in *M*, but a frank partisan of his subject. Partisanship is the last thing needed in a case as serious as this. Sack taped Calley's words, rearranged them, and added facts with Calley's consent to improve the narrative. "To me," Sack says, putting the reader on notice, "he seemed sensible, intelligent if intelligence lies in the life examined, sensitive, sincere."

His narrative flows along not sensitively but innocently, raising questions about the killings and answering them simply. Inevitably, one must turn to other witnesses rather than to this autobiography for a full version of the massacre. Yet throughout Calley's story there are touches that do induce a certain sympathy: "I was a run-of-the-mill average guy; I still am. . . . The people in Washington are smarter than me. . . . Personally, I didn't kill any Vietnamese that day: I mean, personally. I represented the United States of America. My country."

The Court-Martial of Lt. Calley begins somewhat mawkishly with a statement about the traditional view of heroes. Once Mr. Hammer moves into Vietnam and the courtroom, however, his book has immense authority. For this is a many-prismed view combining personal observation with the record of the military proceedings in court.

A number of impressions from Hammer's book remain with the reader: the condescending use of the phrase "Oriental human beings" in the Army indictment; the way Calley's defense counsel regarded him as a stepping-stone for their own careers, and how poorly Calley was represented in court; the parade of witnesses who described Calley as a coldblooded murderer (something not found in Calley's autobiography, taped when he was still on trial for his life); the testimony showing that General Koster, the Americal division commander, was very much aware of civilian casualties; the Agnew and Nixon defense of Calley despite the testimony; and Captain Daniel's eloquent letter to the President—"You have subjected a judicial system of this country to the criticism that it is subject to political influence."

Not until the final chapter of *The Court-Martial of Lt. Calley*—after an accumulation of detached information—does the author allow himself an editorial comment. He turns his eyes toward the villagers of Vietnam and asks how they will regard the United States if its Calleys are exonerated. In his list of "those who committed the greatest atrocity of all" by initiating and carrying out the policies that led to a remote place and symbol called Mylai, Richard Hammer includes Presidents Johnson and Nixon, Secretaries McNamara, Rusk and Laird, Generals Westmoreland and Abrams, advisers McGeorge Bundy, Henry Kissinger, and William Bundy, then in the State Department, now to be the new editor of *Foreign Affairs*.

"They," Mr. Hammer observes, "will face no trial as war criminals, will face no Nuremberg for their crimes against peace and against humanity. They will go unpunished . . . and end their careers honored and celebrated."

Herbert Mitgang, a member of The New York Times editorial board and of the New York bar, has visited wartime Vietnam.

"But, Dad, there must be something else I can do."

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365 DAYS

by Ronald J. Glasser

Braziller, 292 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Murray Polner

■ Civilians have generally been able to anesthetize themselves against the miseries of wartime combat, partly because the bulk of the literature about war has been written by noncombatants. The best sellers have frequently been composed by generals, field marshals, and politicians anxious to rationalize their behavior, or by nostalgic veterans who chose to romanticize their experiences. Quite the opposite, Ronald Glasser's *365 Days*, although uneven, is excruciating, moving, even tender.

Written in New Journalese, the book has a major shortcoming: its failure to reproduce authentic dialogue. The author never set foot in Vietnam yet he purports to relate, for example, the specific conversation between soldiers as they debate whether to kill an officer they hate. That flaw, however, is offset by the scenes in Army hospitals in Japan, where Glasser served as a major in the Medical Corps.

He has set out to relate simply and starkly what it meant to be a wounded and sometimes dying eighteen-, nineteen-, and twenty-year-old combat trooper. Except for the published reminiscences of the brave and loyal young

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men who have actually served in combat, not many better books on the horrors of war and its effect on individuals have yet appeared. When men who have lived through such agonizing times speak of it afterward it is with an absence of jingoistic bravado. As a former combat medic said to me, "I only pray that nothing ever happens again. . . . I know I couldn't handle it. Not twice in a lifetime."

In the final and best-written chapter, Glasser tells of David, a nineteen-year-old in a "burn ward." His body is charred, his temperature often hovers close to 106 degrees, and his days are marked by the only treatment available—the whirlpool which painfully tears off his dead skin so that new skin may perhaps grow. In the end, David, near death, pleads with his doctor (who accompanied his own brother's body back to the States): "I don't want to go home alone."

There are other memorable portraits. "Joan" is not a M*A*S*H nurse but a real woman. Overworked, filled with pity, but trying desperately to remain detached in order to survive emotionally, she permits herself an affair while on leave in Hong Kong, and is nearly killed in a rocket attack when she returns to Vietnam. A white infantryman awakens in a Zama, Japan, recovery room without his leg, and screams obscenities in his anguish. Black soldiers pass through the wards, and Glasser wonders about their special kind of meaningless sacrifice.

"We get a distorted picture over here in Japan," says a chief of surgery. "We see the guys after they've been fixed up a bit and acclimated to their injuries. Over there it's a kid suddenly full of holes. You're faced with the stark reality of it—not just a sick patient, but a dying healthy kid who's just been blown apart." A 9th Division soldier in the Intensive Care Unit adds: "A lot of people are getting fat out of this, the correspondents, the engineers, the so-called consultants. They don't have to be there. Man, they ask for it, and I hope . . . every one of 'em dies."

Bitter, confused, feeling betrayed, longing to be home and whole again, the victims of this war are a special class—several million young men largely from the lower-middle and working classes who, lacking any alternatives, are compelled to serve. You have to "see the patients," writes Glasser, "broken and shattered at eighteen and nineteen. . . ." Kids. Fifty thousand of them now dead, and God knows how many crippled for life. *365 Days* is a graphic reminder of what this war is all about.

Murray Polner is the author of "No Victory Parades: The Return of the Vietnam Veteran."

TOUCHING:
The Human Significance of the Skin

by Ashley Montagu

Columbia, 338 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Bruce Maliver

■ In Hong Kong several years ago I had my first encounter with Peking duck. My friends and I watched with eager anticipation as the waiter carved the skin off a beautifully browned duck, cut up the skin and placed it on small plates before us, sprinkled it with pieces of scallion, and passed us some thin and elegant pancakes. Our delight turned to consternation as the waiter promptly disappeared with the rest of the bird. Our consternation quickly turned to helpless indignation as we tried to explain, without a common language, that it would take more than skin to satisfy our hunger.

So it is with Ashley Montagu's new book, *Touching: The Human Significance of the Skin.* I started the book with delightful anticipation but soon found that under all that skin there was no meat into which I could satisfyingly sink my teeth.

Montagu's thesis is important: the skin is an exceedingly vital "organ" that has been an insufficiently considered and generally underestimated part of man's life; proper handling of the skin and touch communication, in infancy especially, are absolutely necessary to future physical and psychological well-being, and, next to the brain, the skin in all its complexity provides our first way of learning and knowing the world, our principal means of emotional communication, our impetus to sexuality and reproduction, and our front-line protection against the environment.

That's Montagu's thesis, and he buttresses his argument with a series of paragraphs from the literature on child development, animal growth and learning, clinical psychiatry, and cultural anthropology. His scope is monumental, and the task of putting all that diverse data together and translating it for the general reader seems to have been overly ambitious. Unfortunately, the book reads as though Montagu sent out a few graduate students to research the related literature, had them write their summaries on 5"x8" cards, and he then pieced the results together with little attempt at integration. The documentation is both superficial and redundant, and though there are many interesting bits and pieces, the total volume, on anybody's scale of readability, must rank pretty low.

Montagu is most interesting when he remonstrates with parents who withhold touch from their children or reject the cradle in favor of cribs. His recommendations on child care deserve serious attention, even though they are larded with moral superiority and righteous conclusions drawn from scanty evidence. He can also be charmingly inept when he departs from an arid "popular science" style and attempts to speak in the language of the people—by quoting a tame but off-color quatrain or coining a word such as "unuptightness." But Montagu lapses into superficial moral judgments and crass scientism when he discusses the rhythm of the baby's intrauterine environment and relates it to waltz time. He attempts to explain the popularity of long hair on young men today as "an expression of the need for love which was earlier denied them because of the stroking and patting and caressing they failed to receive in infancy." Montagu even suggests that the musical *Hair* represents a cultural plea for "more love, for being stroked the right way rather than being rubbed the wrong."

Montagu also tips his hat to the body therapies that have been achieving such faddish popularity recently as a result of the encounter group movement, perhaps because at least half of their philosophical position—"touch is good, thinking is bad"—parallels his own. As with too many other topics, however, this one seems thrown in with little more than a scratch at the surface of the issues.

Among the issues merely glanced at, for example, are class and cultural differences in touching behavior. Age and sex differences are largely ignored, the subjective reality of touch is not treated at all, sex stays at the epidermal level, and the touch rituals are tapped only cursorily. Further, Montagu advances his thesis as though there were no negatives to touch; aggression is not dealt with, touch insults are ignored, and evidently touching is never used in the service of cant, hypocrisy, deceit, or other behavior destructive of the human spirit.

While somewhat easier to read, *Touching* is reminiscent of many texts used in university child-development courses. Its major readership should be young mothers about to have their first children and unsure of how much fondling to allow. Of course one need not consult this work for the answer: fondle infants as much as you want to; the more the better. More serious readers will probably put the book down with a feeling of disappointment, wishing that Montagu's scholarship were more than skin deep.

Bruce Maliver, psychologist and psychoanalyst, will have a book, "The Encounter Game," published soon by Stein & Day.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

On the Backpack Trail—II: Freedom City

IN THE TIME it took to walk from the central train station to Dam Square, I sensed, on a late-summer evening, that Amsterdam had lost none of its standing as the mecca for the young and roving. Just off the train from another open city, Copenhagen, and barely a block from the station, I was approached by two young Swedish girls, no older than seventeen, who wanted to sell some hash. It was to become a frequent refrain.

There are times when you wonder if Amsterdam indeed still belongs to Amsterdammers and not to the droves of idle young who pack every foot of the Dam each afternoon, throng the sidewalks near and around the American Express office, and stake out—by permission of the city—the lawns of Vondelpark, one of the locals' few grassy refuges in a fine but cramped old town.

This was to be the year, if you believed the rumors afloat on the international circuit, that Amsterdam would crack down on youthful visitors. The fact is that kids are forbidden to sleep in public places, and once a day the Dam is hosed down so that the main square can be emptied for a few hours and the flowers will have a chance to breathe.

American Express has taken up the same tactic, splashing the sidewalks out front several times a day, but the kids are back in minutes, milling about, handing out cards offering cheap charter flights, advertising rides to other parts of Europe. At one point this summer, American Express appealed to police to clear the sidewalk. Their answer: It's free ground.

"Everyone in Amsterdam takes care of each other," said a Canadian girl as she passed out the charter cards, on which a small commission is paid. "When I came to town I didn't know anyone and didn't have a thing—no jacket, no money, nothing—and, like, people came out of the walls to help. This is the only city I could stay in for three weeks. People leave you alone. You can be straight or freaky, but nobody cares."

"There's a terrible liberty here," an Amsterdam woman told me, adding, in case her meaning should be distorted, "and that's what makes it so good."

One can look to the past to see that Amsterdam has always offered shelter to outsiders on the run, most notably the Sephardic Jews fleeing Spain and Portugal at the end of the fifteenth century and, later, refugees from Nazi Germany. But the kids who pour into Amsterdam are not playing on history or tradition. What they know is that the Dutch police will seldom lift a club, and that the price of hash runs as low as 75 cents a gram compared with $8 to $10 back in the States. "You must know that all of Holland is not like this," said my friend the Amsterdam woman. "The city government is very Left. You would not find the same thing at The Hague."

All paths in Amsterdam lead to the Dam, at the center of which stands a flower-banked obelisk. Concentric cobblestone steps radiate from the obelisk, and it is there that kids from every land congregate each morning. Now and then you hear a flute or guitar or maybe the muttered negotiations of a hash sale, but mostly the kids lean back without talking. Two or three police filter through the throngs, but their main functions, it seems, are to protect the flowers and provide directions to lost travelers. Dutch kids don't call cops pigs; perhaps the raciest expletive they use is *"kip zonder eieren"*—chicken without eggs.

There is no sure-fire way to pick out the young Americans in a crowd. Girls from Ohio wear Swedish clogs; boys from Denmark wear Yale T-shirts; everyone wears denim. So you listen for the voices, and what strikes you at the Dam, on the Strøget in Copenhagen, in Trafalgar Square, and at other favored staging grounds across Europe is that the lolling multitudes—the kids who gather only to sit and pass the time—are mostly Europeans. It seems that the Americans stop by, relax a while, and move on—perhaps because they have more ground to cover before flying home.

I did find a group of four Americans at the Dam, but they had reasons for lounging. "I'd rather be out in the

—Mark Chester, ASCAP

On Amsterdam's Dam Square—"The lolling multitudes are mostly Europeans. The Americans stop by, relax a while, and move on."

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The experience of it all will fill you with a love for life
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only ten times better.
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TAHITI

What more could you want?

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country—too many people here—but one of us is waiting for money," said Malcolm Boyd, a nineteen-year-old from Amityville, New York. Paul Riordan, twenty, had begun his odyssey in Duluth after working all spring as a deck hand on the Great Lakes to earn $600 in traveling money. Like most of the kids I met, he would have gone to Europe even if the airline price war hadn't brought prices down so low.

"I left without a ticket and hitched to New York," he said. "I got a ride all the way from Ithaca to Kennedy Airport, walked up to the Alitalia counter, and left an hour later. I started hitching in Europe. France is famous for no rides. I was there four days and didn't get a lift. I spent two of those days walking. I carry a sleeping bag, and my pack weighs only eight pounds, which is abnormally small. They say you can tell Americans by the size of their packs.

"Sometimes I miss having a tent, but it's not worth the weight. I usually just look for a spot outside a town and lie down. Inside the towns, the police may hassle you. Once I slept in a parking lot in a town on the French-Italian border, and in the morning an Italian guy came by and asked if we slept well."

What did the four—three boys and a girl—miss most? Their stereos, they all agreed. "And a common language," said Riordan. "In Italy, all I could get to eat for lunch or dinner was Coca-Cola."

Instead of merely bracing for the summer inundation, Amsterdam acts each year to provide accommodations and diversion, perhaps on the theory that if it treats the young interlopers well they will leave the city intact. Last year the local government set up low-cost sleep-ins in old factories; city funds support such lively nightclubs as Paradiso and Cosmos, where kids smoke pot and hash as freely as regular Amsterdam bar patrons drink jenever. This year, anticipating record throngs even though Copenhagen was reckoned to siphon off much of the crowd, Amsterdam set aside Vondelpark as a free sleep-in.

"I think it upset a lot of people. It was a nice place to take your kids and dog," an Amsterdammer told me one afternoon as we strolled through the park only a short walk from the Rijksmuseum. Dozens of tents were pitched on the lawn; a girl in a sari lay asleep under a tree; crowds of kids relaxed under a bridge that carried rush-hour autos and bicycles over the main road running through the park. If it rained at night, the bridge would be their only shelter. Off in one corner, a group of blacks—mostly from Surinam and the Dutch West Indies—stood about playing cards. When I approached, one offered to sell me some dope. The strains of a jam session poured from a small frame building, the camp's clubhouse. On an outside wall was the sign: NO HARD DRUG. SMOKING OKE. Drugs are designated as soft or hard in Europe; hash and pot are soft. Inside, the place was smoky and dark, paralyzed.

Outdoors, you could see that the park didn't belong entirely to young visitors. An old man with a beard tooled by on a motor scooter, then a young boy on a bike, followed by a strolling, stylish girl in mini and high boots. "I come here too," said my Amsterdam companion. "Some nights my friends and I bring our sleeping bags and spend the night."

The city has ensured that kids who tire of smoking and relaxing can find more cerebral pursuits. There is the Moses and Aaron Church, opened this summer to the Dutch and outsiders alike and offering impromptu afternoon concerts, a table stacked with art supplies, and a refreshment counter. Signs in front say the church is for young and old, for encounter, recreation, and meditation. And: SOFT DRUGS NOT PERMITTED IN CHURCH.

People of all ages flock daily to the Anne Frank House, the long lines moving slowly past photographs of the Holocaust. Kids unstrap their knapsacks and sit quietly for long periods in the little rooms where the Franks hid like animals for two years.

The young don't seem to reserve the same patience for Amsterdam's splendid art museums. There were no signs of backpackers on my rounds of the Rijksmuseum, but out front I met a pair of young Californians and their traveling companions, two girls from London. When I asked the bearded one if he was American, he hesitated and then said: "Well, I carry an American passport." His response was not atypical. Many American kids on the European trail either deny or downplay the fact of their U. S. citizenship. As one of the Californians told me: "I'm completely bummed out on America." But he wasn't at all bothered, as many kids are, by running into so many countrymen in Europe. "There should be more here," he said. "Everyone should leave the States three months out of the year and come over here so they can make it back there—Californians particularly, with their smog and politics." He was thirty, and he said: "I haven't been able to indoctrinate enough people my age, so I hang around with people twenty-five or younger."

They had all been south, where prices are lower but life less free. In a town near Barcelona, they said, officials randomly pull people from bars and have them expelled from Spain. "In Istanbul," said one of the English girls, "local people were selling dope and then turning around and arresting the customer." And they weren't convinced of even Amsterdam's celebrated openness. Said one of the girls: "We've found the scene here is not as cool as it's supposed to be. One minute it's cool, the next minute it isn't. People *are* getting checked out."

For 80 cents a night, sleep-in residents can get a tin bunk covered with a slab of foam rubber in one of three abandoned factories—an operation subsidized by the City Council. Bols, the Amsterdam liquor maker, turned over an old storehouse that can hold 1,500 closely packed cots. Frans Van Diepen, a young sleep-in staff member, declared that the American guests cause the least trouble. "Their obedience is greater. They don't ask why. They may say something is lousy, but when we ask them, 'Where do you find an eighty-cent bed in New York?' they slap you on the back and say okay.

"Our sleep-ins get twenty-five to thirty per cent girls," he went on. "There isn't much sex. Really, there is much less for parents to worry about than they think. No code is necessary. It's very simple: Would you have sex with two hundred people around? It's a funny thing, this morality question. Very often we feel a certain guy is with a girl, *his* girl, and having sex with her, but later we get to know the girl and she says, 'Oh, we were just traveling together.' "

Van Diepen, who has traveled widely and lived for a while on the East Coast, said of his native Amsterdam: "Nowhere in a big community will you find such far-out limits. But if you are not born into it and thus haven't learned to practice some self-control, a city like this can do more harm than good. After a while, kids find it can destroy them."

My bed was in the Hans Brinker Stutel (short for student hotel), a remodeled cloister once partitioned into 200 tiny cells with a total of one shower and three toilets. Now, among the seventy-six rooms are some singles and doubles and only ten without showers —rare accommodations for a European hostel. Next summer, the management intends to open up to all tourists, charging non-students a guilder extra. Because it asks almost $4 a bed, the Hans Brinker fails to attract the hardier sleep-in habitués. Sometimes, in fact, I thought I was in the midst of a high school class trip, particularly when the young, assertive American voices were sailing out the windows, across the courtyard, and over the ancient, roofs of the neighborhood.

"Hey, Margie, you got my curlers?"

It is at such times that you cringe a little and hope Amsterdam is not listening.

(This is the second of two articles.)

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As Others See Us

The Nixon Dollar

PEKING:

PRESIDENT NIXON'S recent economic policies are reactionary measures that shift the financial and economic crisis onto the workers. The President's steps were guided by U.S. monopolist circles already beset with difficulties at home and abroad. The longshoremen on the West Coast have refused to abandon their strike, which has dealt heavy blows to the U.S. monopolistic capitalists and which marks a new awakening of the mighty fighting strength of the American working class.

—*Hsinhua.*

PARIS:

TIME AND AGAIN observers pointed out that the accumulation of dollar holdings by foreign central banks was bound to provoke distrust of the American currency. And sure enough for the past three years the gold standard has been in its death throes. . . .

The decision to let the mark, the guilder, and the Canadian dollar float freely shows that West Germany, Holland, and Canada do not want any more American dollars. In 1931, the gold standard was condemned in the same way; that year, ten currencies were allowed to float—among them, sterling.

Another analogy with the early Thirties comes to mind: the gold embargo of March 6, 1933, which led to a 40.9 per cent devaluation of the dollar in January 1934. This time the crisis has not taken on such disastrous proportions, but the far-reaching significance of the Penn Central bankruptcy early last year now becomes apparent.

In order to avert further crashes, the American financial authorities had to open the floodgates of credit: It was the beginning of the end. And it is just possible that the import surcharge is a prelude to outright devaluation following the negotiations that began recently in London.

—*Le Monde.*

MONTREAL:

RICHARD NIXON'S prime political asset has always been his ability to do a 180-degree turn and make it look convincing. He did it on his foreign policy in Asia to general political acclaim. Now he is attempting the same maneuvre on economic policy, and, in political terms at least, he seems once again to have succeeded. It will be some time, however, before anyone knows whether the political gains will be matched by real economic benefits, either in the United States or in the world trading community.

The generally warm domestic reaction to the President's Sunday night announcement seems to arise not so much from what he has done as from the fact that at least he has done something. Americans who had reacted with disbelief to constant assurances from the administration that the best course was to sit back and let the economy take its course are now praising the President for his decisiveness. And he was, undeniably, decisive.

By announcing that the United States would no longer convert foreign-held dollars into gold, Mr. Nixon effectively destroyed the tottering international monetary system that was established in 1944 at Bretton Woods. It was a structure that had become increasingly inadequate to the needs of world trade, and its end was probably inevitable. But the world could be in for a period of turmoil and uncertainty until something is created to take its place.

—*The Montreal Star.*

LONDON:

THE PRESIDENT'S measures to defend the dollar—though in a sense much more predictable—have come as scarcely less of a surprise and shock than the earlier announcement of his proposed visit to Peking. Little attempt is made to conceal the growing resentment and distrust felt toward America —a feeling, it should be added, that is reciprocated.

It was felt to have been an unparalleled snub that so dramatic a conciliatory gesture by America to the country that had hitherto been its main enemy in Asia should have been made without even consulting its most faithful ally. No American President, it was noted, had ever visited Japan.

The effect of the dollar measures, following upon the Chinese developments, is likely to be political and psychological as much as economic. Total Japanese imports and exports each account for not more than 10 per cent of the Gross National Product. Japan's prosperity is in no sense uniquely dependent on its exports to the United States.

Economically, the most probable effect of the latest American move will be to propel Japan rather faster than it would otherwise have wished in the direction of revaluation of the yen and the opening of its internal market to the products of other nations and to foreign capital investment.

After the initial shock, government officials were ready to admit that there was a certain inevitability about the steps taken by President Nixon.

—*The Times.*

MANCHESTER:

MOST AMERICANS are willing at this point to give President Nixon [the] benefit of the doubt. With the notable exception of Senator George McGovern, who described the plan as "a combination of sheer bunk, irrelevancy, and mystery," the major Democratic candidates have so far held their fire.

This moratorium on criticism is not expected to last for long, for there are clear political dangers in the President's new economic strategy. While the administration has frozen prices and wages for ninety days, it has taken no action on interest rates or company profits, except to mouth the pious hope that banks and industry will adopt a responsible course. Nor has any indication been given what will follow the ninety-day period. Mr. Connally, at his news conference, confessed he just did not know, affirming that the administration did not want to foreclose any of its options.

As midnight converts, President Nixon and his financial advisers have obviously got a great deal of work to do in the next three months if their new economic game plan is not to seem merely a desperate stopgap solution.

—*The Guardian Weekly.*

MOSCOW:

THE DECLINES in the exchange rate and the prestige of the dollar reflect, like a mirror, the crisis conditions of the American economy. The economic barometer in the United States continues to point to bad weather. . . . The drop in the growth of productivity in industry, a reduction in contracts for durable goods, a rise in unemployment, a budgetary deficit, and, in the American state, debt and the results of the researches conducted by American scientists draws the conclusion that one of the main reasons for the deepening of financial disorders in the United States is the unrestricted growth of militarism, which swallows an enormous share of budgetary resources and, in particular, the national gold reserves. A reduction in American gold and currency reserves leads to a deplorable situation.

The American Treasury is simply unable to back the gray-green notes in

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Western Europe, which total approximately $50-billion. Hence, the inevitable drop in the rate of the dollar and the increasing threat of its devaluation and new upheavals in the monetary system of capitalism.

—*Pravda.*

STOCKHOLM:

RELATING the economic measures to the previous announcement concerning President Nixon's Peking trip: Many sacred American cows were sacrificed when President Nixon announced in the middle of July that he was going to visit Peking. Sunday night he continued the mass slaughter, this time in the economic area. . . . Among Swedish exporters, Volvo and Saab are in an exposed position since the American market takes a relatively important place in their total sales. For most of the Swedish industry, however, exports to the United States are important but much less essential than [those within European] markets. It would therefore be more serious if President Nixon's 10 per cent import surcharge and the unrest on the money markets would delay the international boom forecast for 1972.

—*Svenska Dagbladet.*

ROME:

SPECULATION has won out—the Bretton Woods system is completely bankrupt. In theory, this system was founded on the free convertibility of money based on a fixed exchange parity and on a free convertibility of the dollar at the rate of $35 per ounce of gold. In practice, this mechanism served to liberate the United States from the chains that the balance of payments imposes on each country. The calculations, although approximate, are abundantly simple: The credits in dollars from the Central Bank touched $40-billion, while American currency reserve . . . totaled some $13-billion, which left a deficit of some $27-billion that was increasing at the rate of $8- to $10-billion a year. Had the mechanism of Bretton Woods worked as anticipated, this never would have occurred.

—*L'Espresso.*

BRUSSELS:

THE DECISION taken by President Nixon comes as a logical result of the facts that have taken place during the past three years. One of them had been (on March 18, 1968) the discontinuance of the legal cover of 25 per cent on bank notes.

This decision will have worldwide repercussions. Even if at first the fluctuations are moderate, they will bring perturbations in the raw materials markets as well as in the money markets of the world. The latter, therefore, will know a period of general confusion, even for currencies other than the dollar. . . . This would mean the start of a series of adjustments that, after a while, would more or less restore the present parity, vis-à-vis the dollar, of other currencies.

The world could certainly not stand the fact that, abruptly, the prices be dragged downward and that, for example, the dollars that we receive from our exports be worth only forty Belgian francs, or even thirty Belgian francs, instead of fifty. The position would not be better in England: The pound cannot alter its present rate of $2.40 to the pound.

In short, the American decision can be compared to the one Britain had come to when it, in September 1949, had devaluated its currency by 30 per cent. However, it must be observed that the devaluation of the dollar does not mean the end of the world's monetary crisis; it represents only one episode of it.

—*La Libre Belgique.*

MUNICH:

THE DOLLAR has collapsed as the leading currency. . . . There is almost a declaration of an American trade war. . . . Shutting out of international competition from the American market can never contribute toward fighting American inflation, which, on the other hand, is characterized by President Nixon as a key point in his program. In reality, the opposite will be achieved. For German exchange rate policy, a completely new situation has arisen. By itself, a continuation of the floating exchange rate for the German mark will no longer be possible. A still greater revaluation effect could lead to the ruin of the export trade.

—*Süddeutsche Zeitung.*

HAMBURG:

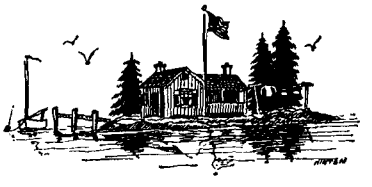
[NOTE: *In common with other newspapers,* Die Welt *had seen the handwriting on the wall. A week before the President's announcement, it had commented as follows.*]

THE CRISIS of the dollar is obviously at hand. If the Americans do not succeed in putting their house in order—and this is to be feared—then, in the final analysis, the development will take this course: There will be a devaluation of the dollar in the roundabout manner of a concerted revaluation action of other currencies. The shutting of the doors of the gold treasury at Fort Knox and a freeing of the dollar from its tie to gold would have the same result. It looks as if the question is no longer under discussion of whether there will be a dollar devaluation, but simply, when and in what form it is coming. [August 11]

* * *

THE NIXON administration has declared bankruptcy for the world monetary system of Bretton Woods. [August 17]

—*Die Welt.*



MEXICO CITY:

MEXICO MUST FACE the dollar crisis and take measures to protect itself against foreseeable consequences [and] to protect its economic interests. First, we should know for absolute certain which of our products are affected by the new 10 per cent tariff. Secondly, we should minimize the decay of our foreign market penetration through the compensation of exporters. Thirdly, while there is hope that we, as the leading buyer in Latin America of U.S. exports, will receive preferential treatment, we must keep in mind the urgent need to diversify our export markets to avoid contingencies such as the one at present.

—*Excelsior.*

TOKYO:

THE IMPACT of President Nixon's new eight-point dollar defense program on the world economy will be tremendous, and it will be necessary for Japan to take every possible countermeasure to protect its own economy.

As a result of Mr. Nixon's new policies, the dollar will float freely and the result probably will be the discounting of the dollar by 10 per cent and revaluation of world currencies.

There is no doubt that the impact of the Nixon policies on the Japanese economy will be severe. The 10 per cent surcharge on all imports will hurt Japanese sales in the United States. In a sense, this surcharge already revalues the yen upward by 10 per cent.

If Japan now is officially forced to revalue the yen, it will be a double blow against our exports to the United States.

We recommend urgently that the Japanese government consult with the U.S. government and urge that the surcharge on imports be abolished as soon as possible. We must make it known that we have very much to lose through President Nixon's new economic program.

—*The Daily Yomiuri.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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Theater

(Continued from page 20)

own choice. One without rules. Paradise. But before we know it, most of our time's spent . . . saying do this, don't do that. . . . Law-and-order becomes first a necessity, then . . . attractive for its own sake. Our wives, who were sex-pots a minute ago, are nagging shrews from a seaside postcard."

The action of the play amusingly illustrates the absurdity of the intra-familial conflicts, most of which emerge as funny, understated, and quick. This offhand, cheeky style so essential to Nichols's method is not easy for Americans to follow. Yet the basic situations are universal, the performances by Anton Rogers as the narrator and by Michael Bates as the father effortlessly effective, and the trip down *Forget-Me-Not Lane* a laugh-coated antidote to nostalgia.

Finally, at the Royal Court there is the new John Osborne play, *West of Suez,* with Ralph Richardson as Wyatt Gillman, a famous British author visiting a British West Indian island with his four married daughters and their husbands. Except for one scene in the second act in which Wyatt is interviewed and expresses what we gather to be Osborne's sentiments about literature, critics, and the general deterioration of passionately held beliefs, the play itself is so dispassionate and uninteresting that it is hard to believe it was written by Osborne. And even in the interview scene, Wyatt's statements are more Osbornean in their deliberate unfashionability than they are in their wit. For example, Wyatt says, "All the good things I've seen of the island seem to be legacies of the British, the Spanish, and the Dutch, particularly in the buildings and what's left of any proper dispensation of the law. As for the people, they seem to me to be a very unappetizing mixture of hysteria and lethargy, brutality and sentimentality."

Richardson does bring his own extraordinary air of charming bafflement to the role of Wyatt, and the play's violent ending with the natives ludicrously assassinating a man who is as out-of-step in England as he is in a revolutionary ex-colony suggests that if *West of Suez* had used its first act to demonstrate not asserted boredom but Wyatt's alienation, Osborne might have come up with a better play.

Since Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* brought the Royal Court its first big success sixteen years ago, this small theater has established a remarkable record and continues to do so. Two of Broadway's most highly acclaimed plays of last season, *Home* and *The Philanthropist,* came from the Royal Court. And coming up here this fall will be Royal Court productions of the latest plays of Edward Bond (*Lear*) and David Storey (*The Changing Room*), plus Albert Finney in *Alpha Beta* by the Royal Court's playwright-in-residence, E. A. Whitehead.

"You, of all people, should know to be on time."

Catholic Upheaval

Continued from page 27

of the familiar techniques of catechetical instruction (stressing dogmas to be learned, rules to be obeyed, distinctions to be made—all more appropriate to a theology of calculation), the peace missionaries use often unpredictable "free-style" approaches and, to say the least, an unusual range of symbols. In short, the means they employ are likely to be as intensely personal as the moral commitment they are trying to express. If this makes the peace movement vulnerable to excesses resulting from emotional or psychological instability or to the romantic posturings and ego-tripping the movement's critics like to stress, these are accepted as risks that probably cannot be avoided.

In much the same manner this activist imperative explains the singular lack of concern one sometimes encounters over criticisms of a given action as ineffective or even counter-productive. Again, the calculations balancing people "won over" against others "turned off" may be accurate enough; to the activists involved, they are likely to be quite irrelevant. When the question was put to one of the priests imprisoned for taking part in the Milwaukee 14 raid, he conceded that it was not always possible to know with certainty what is "right" or "practical"; what can be known with certainty is that "it is wrong to do nothing." This is a telling response and one that invites reflection—even by, or especially by, bishops who cannot find time at their annual meetings to discuss the most critical moral issue of the day.

If the new pacifism rejects the option of doing nothing, it also limits what may be done by rejecting violence toward persons as something incompatible with the Christian love ethic. This exclusion is not tactical or strategic but ideological in the sense that it challenges the individual to seek or create a reordered life-style keyed to the realization of his own self in the well-being and spiritual fulfillment of his fellow man. To contemplate or justify acts causing physical or psychological injury to others for any reason however "laudable" would be totally inconsistent with this basic commitment. Similarly, all the old calculations aimed at determining "proportionality," weighing "good" effects against "bad," and making possible the choice of the "lesser" evil are rendered meaningless by the simple refusal to accept any degree of evil as an appropriate Christian objective.

In the purist sense, activism and non-violence can present some ambiguities, and these have been the source of some strain within the Catholic

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A family of six in a tiny two-room house.
No water. No heat. No electricity.
In the center of this desolation a child of five.
Erlinda Cosay.
An Apache Indian child.
A child who hasn't seen her father since she was three.
A child who must travel three miles a day to and from school.
A child whose last dress was a castoff.
Erlinda needs your help so she can help herself.
And through Save the Children Federation you can give her that help.
For $15.00 a month you can sponsor an American Indian child like Erlinda.
So that there can be electricity in the house instead of kerosene.
So that there can be an electric stove and heating instead of wood.
So that Erlinda can have a new dress.
And books. And school supplies.
And a penny in her pocket.
Erlinda's mother instructs her in tribal customs, so Erlinda can learn about her past.
Won't you help her learn about her future?

If the children are going to save the world, won't you please help save the children?

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:

☐ Where the need is most urgent
☐ American Indian
☐ Appalachia
☐ Africa
☐ Europe
☐ Latin America
☐ Vietnam
☐ India
☐ Middle East
☐ Korea
☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment

☐ $15.00 monthly
☐ $45.00 quarterly
☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $180.00 annually

☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $_____
☐ Please send me more information.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

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science" as well. Since this was obviously a prime objective of protest demonstrations and the more extreme acts of civil disobedience, his warnings against "the temptation to get publicity and quick results by spectacular tricks or forms of protest" carried implications of disapproval that are not easily ignored.

For their part, the activist brethren have not hidden their impatience with those who theorize about war's immorality but take no part in efforts to impede or disrupt an immoral war effort. A more serious trend finds them more and more inclined to "understand" and justify the use of violence by oppressed or victimized people. It is not, of course, that they advocate violence; rather they refuse to criticize its use by "revolutionary" movements or to impose restraints upon others whose hardships they do not share. Often enough, as the argument develops, something approaching scorn may be voiced for rigorists who do not share this reticence and who continue to insist upon strict adherence to the principles of "classic" non-violence.

The differences should be recognized but not exaggerated. Merton the Trappist contemplative and the Berrigan activists have much more to unite them than to draw them apart. Merton's writings paralleled and for the most part anticipated the courtroom statements and manifestos of the latter —not only on the issue of peace but on matters relating to racism and the Third World as well. The most dramatic link, perhaps, is the retreat he conducted in 1964 (four years before Catonsville!) on "the spiritual roots of protest." If this topic does not inspire a posthumous indictment, the list of participants should. The small and highly select group included one young man later imprisoned as a draft card burner; two members, one a priest, of the Milwaukee 14; and (Attorney General Mitchell, please take note) *both* Berrigans. No one would suggest that it all began there, but it is clear that "conspiracy" in the truest sense of the word was already afoot in these Christians united in a single spirit in the common enterprise for peace.

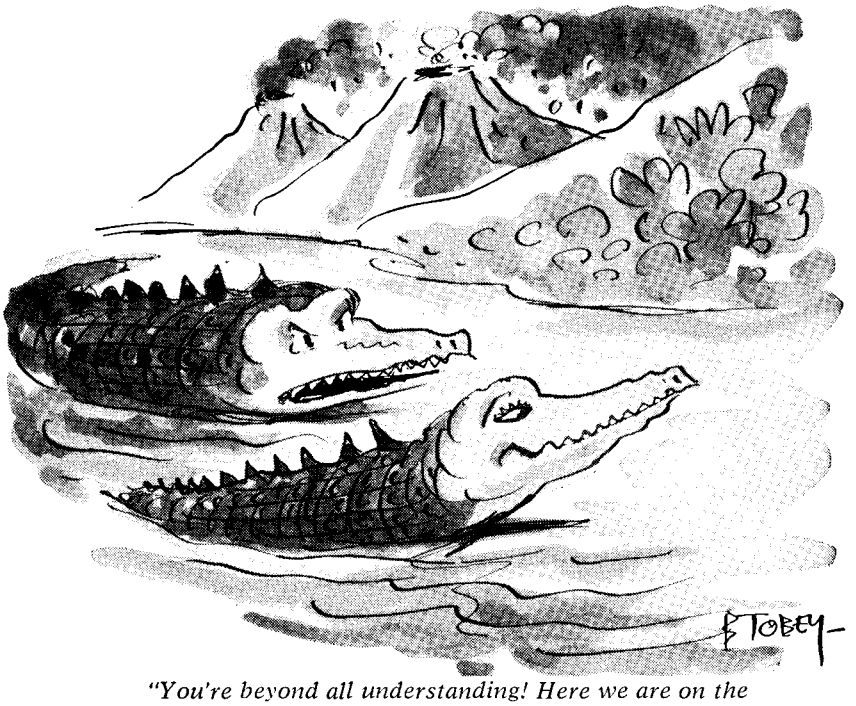
The most important question to be answered at the Harrisburg trial is whether that conspiracy continues intact or whether there has been a shift in activist ideology that may force a serious split. The point is not whether the actions as charged were ever discussed; one assumes that all sorts of outrageous proposals have been considered from time to time. In fact, in a purely theoretical sense, a "citizen's arrest" of Dr. Kissinger has much to commend it, that gentleman being a perfect example of the "sane ones" described by Merton (in his "Devout Meditation in Memory of Adolf Eichmann") as men who will have "perfectly good reasons, logical, well-adjusted reasons," for giving or obeying the orders to press the button that could bring human history to its end. Having said this, I would still find it inconceivable that Philip Berrigan and the other alleged conspirators and co-conspirators would permit a project that would negate most, if not all, of what they had accomplished to move from random discussions to the stage of serious operational planning.

One looks, therefore, for an acquittal at Harrisburg, not underrating in the least the usefulness of such conspiracy charges as an instrument of legal repression. Whatever happens, however, should have little effect upon the *real* conspiracy, the broader Catholic peace movement of which Merton and the Berrigans have been but the most visible representatives in this country. Those "spiritual roots of protest" have taken hold, and, though that protest has not yet reached its full maturity, it is not likely to be so easily crushed by the harassment and repression now being directed against it.

This may be too confident a note on which to end. After all, Merton is dead. The Berrigans and too many others are in prison or are being forced underground. If we commend the restraint of the American bishops in not duplicating the scandals of the past, we must also confess that, with very few and quite recent exceptions, they have ignored their obligation to express the "unhesitating and unequivocal condemnation" prescribed by Vatican II for immoral means of war that have been official American policy in Vietnam. Nor have they spoken out against atrocities at Mylai and elsewhere that are a matter of public record. By their silence they have made themselves and their church accomplices to murder.

The unresponsiveness on the part of these leaders, more complete in its way than the unresponsiveness of the government itself, has led in turn to a debilitating leakage of many of its more sensitive and morally committed members—priests, nuns, and especially the young people are "falling away" because they can no longer bear the burden of their frustration and despair. Even the occasional bishops who have voiced individual protest have found themselves isolated and scorned by their disapproving episcopal peers. Two already have been forced by the experience to resign their posts.

All this is true. But it is also true that the Catholic community in America has produced a measure of active opposition to an ongoing war that must be almost unique in the history of the modern church. Of greater significance for the future, it is an opposition that reaches beyond Vietnam as an issue to challenge and reject war and violence as means for solving any human problems, whether personal, national, or international in scope. That corner *has* been turned; and, if we cannot yet say that we are on the right path, there is good reason to believe we are at least headed in the right direction. Despite the losses it has suffered through death, imprisonment, and defection from the religious community itself, the great Catholic upheaval goes on. To the man of faith and commitment, that should be cause enough for optimism and hope.



"You're beyond all understanding! Here we are on the list of vanishing species and you have to be coy!"

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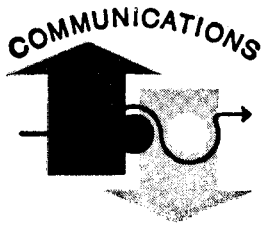

Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

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What's Wrong with the Woman's Page?

Newspapers evolve gradually, and, though there have been changes in the last two generations in the way papers are published and in their contents, the pattern of news and format is, generally speaking, very similar to that of the press before the FDR revolution in America. Since Roosevelt's time, the average publisher, confronted by double-pronged attack from radio and television, has had to put out a better product than he did when he had a virtual monopoly in the information field. All the same, Ralph Nader and the exciting consumer movement have thrived and taken hold of the American public because the specialized sections of American newspapers didn't dig up these stories, refused at first to cover them at all, and have reluctantly done so with shocking tardiness. Alert editors and reporters could have investigated unsafe cars, perilous food, dreadful workmanship, dresses and hair sprays made of flammable material, all manner of false packaging and advertising. But they did not—and so Nader and his cohorts now make headlines every hour of the day, and the daily paper prints it secondhand.

Chief villain in the creation of this obvious news vacuum has been the city desk, the editors and publishers themselves. But editors of pages directed at women should have leaped in long ago, since almost everything Mr. Nader uncovers in the consumer field is of vital interest to those who read "the woman's page." Aware of this abandonment of their natural franchise, women's editors and their publishers and editorial bosses gathered recently in Chicago to discuss how they could liberate the woman's page from its drab content and traditional *Kirche, Küchen, Kinder* format. A most productive conference, it has now been described in a fascinating document published by the University of Chicago's Center for Policy Study.

The women's editors asked each other if their pages were still fat with tradeoffs and puffs and "freebees" for food chains, department stores, and other advertisers. Did they still carry society news that was chiefly about the publisher's inner circle, his country club in particular? How much valuable space on the woman's page was being chewed up by inconsequential syndicated columnists with little or no training in counseling, psychology, sexology, family relations, or anything else, for that matter? Were Jean Dixon's pseudoscientific astrological forecasts, on which readers appeared to be basing important decisions, crowding out vital information on the facts about trading stamps at the local supermarket? The response of most of the women's editors present had to be reluctantly affirmative.

In these days of growing equality between the sexes, a woman's editor cannot assume that women only bake and sew while men run the world. So little space is available on the woman's page for serious pieces about abortion, day care, alimony, birth control methods, civil rights, or women's rights that puffery and payola have no claim to their traditional columns of type. Bryce W. Rucker, deputy director of journalism at Southern Illinois University, reported that when women's pages referred to comparative lists of grocery prices, few if any advertisers quit buying linage, as many a publisher had feared. Rucker added: "They can't afford to quit buying linage. Where would they go? There is nothing wrong with printing comparative grocery lists." Yet, how many women's editors have the courage or even the sanction to tell their daily distaff audience that last week's so-called sale in a big local store was an unmitigated fraud, as anyone who had been entrapped knew perfectly well?

The great newspapers of this country have long known that the woman's page is outmoded and have begun drastic measures to change it. *The New*

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York Times, the *Los Angeles Times*, and the *Washington Post* are cases in point, though, oddly enough, each of these powerful morning papers has a virtual monopoly in its field and is not required by competition to change a winning format. You can now find on the woman's page of a good daily paper anything from a piece on illegal abortions to one about a Florida girl who tries out for the local high school football team but gives up after the first day because the calisthenics are too tough. Nader's useful and provocative seeds find fertile soil on the new woman's pages, and that is as it should be. The consumer news this man and his enterprising staff create each day should have come from seed grown on these pages in the first place.

The other side of the coin is, patently, that not all women want to read about nothing but Ralph Nader's consumer revelations or the latest device to prevent conception. Social news, particularly the vicarious goings-on of semi-famous folk, is gossip brought to postgraduate level, and what woman ever lived who had no interest at all in what other people in her town were saying and doing? Food news, fashions, "service" items are the backbone of every good woman's page and woman's magazine (see page 61 for Geraldine Rhoads's piece on what it's like to edit *Woman's Day*), no matter what any conference of editors concludes. All the same, women in the latter half of the twentieth century have the right to other information on their own pages from their own editors, intelligence that will be vital to them and their families in matters of health, economics, and the democratic way. Woman's page editors have too long been kept from the sort of consumer news only lately revealed by a bright young man in Washington and his enthusiastic peers. Such news is a perfect mother lode of journalistic gold that should long ago have been the province of the daily paper, if our profession had not been sound asleep.

—R. L. T.

About New Contributors

GERALDINE RHOADS has been editor of *Woman's Day* since 1966. She has been an editor on such other magazines as *Today's Woman, Reader's Digest, Ladies' Home Journal*, and *McCall's*.

●

This month's "Madison Avenue" column is a product of LEONARD SLOANE, a member of *The New York Times* business-news staff and a frequent contributor to other periodicals.

Letters to the Communications Editor

How Heywood Broun Answered Critics

I READ with interest R.L.T.'s editorial "Letters You Write to the Editor" [*SR*, Aug. 14]. Your point as to space is perfectly understandable, as no paper except the Manchester *Union-Leader* feels it can devote as many as three full pages to such letters. And a magazine is definitely limited as to the space it can use for letters.

I do think, though, that all letters should be acknowledged, possibly (as you do sometimes) by a printed card with an appropriate answer. A paper has a certain strength—to many, if it is printed it is so—and when something is disagreed with strongly, it ought to be answered. But to ignore a letter is just not "good manners."

I once read that Heywood Broun used to answer critics with a card on which he rubber-stamped one word: NUTS.

FRANK J. TONIS,
Rye Beach, N.H.

I ENJOYED "Letters You Write to the Editor." It's encouraging to know that so many people are interested enough in an opinion to write a letter. I had begun to think most people just watched the 6 o'clock news and left it at that.

JANICE TIGAR,
Chicago, Ill.

I VERY SELDOM write a letter to an editor, but R.L.T.'s "Letters You Write to the Editor" moves me to communicate my delight in the article. He gave great insight into the function of such letters and also the regulations or rules concerning them.

At various times, during newspaper stints, I handled the letters column. Often, especially on local or school matters, we solicited the letters, and sometimes I wrote them for the signature of the person involved after interviewing him by telephone. As you said, sometimes letters can be violently opposed to the stand of the newspaper or other type of periodical.

DOROTHY BANKER TURNER,
Pomona, Calif.

Unequal Access to the News

M. L. STEIN'S article "News Access Isn't Only a Washington Problem" [*SR*, Aug. 14] leaves out a significant U.S. Supreme Court decision. The high court refused, in the spring, to hear an underground newspaper's contention that press credentials are inherent in the First Amendment's freedom of the press guarantee.

The Los Angeles *Free Press*, an underground newspaper with a circulation of around 90,000, has tried for three years to obtain press accreditation for its reporters. The Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals, in upholding the Los Angeles Police Department's refusal to issue press credentials to the *Free Press*, said that the First Amendment does not guarantee the unrestrained right to gather information. It said the *Free Press* "as a news gatherer has no constitutionally protected right of access to information which is not freely accessible to the public generally."

Although "overground papers" may not have the same problems obtaining press accreditation, the paradox remains: The Constitution guarantees the right of anybody to start a newspaper and print the news; but not everybody has equal access to the news.

PHILIP G. JONES,
Bethesda, Md.

Al Parker's "Mother & Daughter"

WHAT A SHAME no mention was made of Al Parker's charming "Mother and Daughter" covers in Stuart W. Little's piece "Are Illustrators Obsolete?" [*SR*, July 10]. The series appeared on the *Ladies' Home Journal* from 1938 until 1951. Each cover depicted an amusing episode, usually showing the little girl mimicking her mother while at work and play. Parker painted them dressed alike, a fashion that swept the country as young mothers and their daughters followed suit (I was one of them). He created a tremendous rapport with readers that remains unsurpassed to this day.

It is also regrettable that Al Parker received so little coverage in the article, for he certainly ranks with the major innovators. I was happy Mr. Little called him the dean of the women's fiction school of illustration, which is so true. However, his influence was felt in other areas as well, advertising art, for example. Hordes of his imitators flooded the field. Illustrator John LaGatta, as quoted in *Cosmopolitan*, said, "Everybody works like Parker except Parker!" Of course not everyone did; it only seemed as if everyone did.

Those "boom, busy years" of the Forties and Fifties existed in a climate of such misoneism, when compared with today's prevailing permissiveness, that innovating was an uphill fight.

In closing, may I bring to mind an interview Norman Rockwell had three years ago with Mary Anne Guitar, wherein she asked who he thought made the greatest contribution to American illustration. His answer was Howard Pyle and, in more recent years, Al Parker. I heartily agree.

SUSAN PUTNAM,
Comptche, Calif.

YOUR JULY 10 ISSUE, which featured magazine illustrators of long ago, was delightful and brought back memories of a *Woman's Home Companion* experience of many years ago.

As a just-out-of-college, very serious young assistant in the editorial department, I took it upon myself to remonstrate with the ominiscient art director about his approach to his duties. A story in which the (of course) beautiful heroine was described as having golden hair, blue eyes, and soft pink cheeks had been illustrated with an enormous painting of a glamorous, black-haired, black-eyed, Carmenesque type—all she needed was a rose in her teeth. As was the vogue then, the picture took up practically the entire page, with a few lines of type grudgingly included at the foot.

The art director looked at me pityingly.

(Continued on page 71)

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The Growing Phenomenon of the Journalism Review

by NORMAN HILL

Small but outspoken cadres of news reporters in a dozen cities throughout the United States have become deeply involved in a category of publishing. They are turning out tabloid-size local journalism reviews, through which they direct their talents—the abrasive turn of phrase, the hard-nosed inquiry, the cynical disdain of the official handout, the sweeping denunciation of the "ins"—against hometown newspapers and broadcasting stations.

An examination of this young but swiftly proliferating family of publications reveals a multitude of possible reasons for the phenomenon. They include the prevalence of one-sided news coverage and editorial opinion in "monopoly" cities, the rise in the general level of education, the long-acknowledged lack of self-criticism among media, the general social upheaval and growing penchant for dissent, attacks by politicians, and hard times in the news business. More surprising, there appears to be a growing demand for a European style of control of the press by working reporters.

In 1961, long before Spiro Agnew preempted the role of Critic of the Press, Columbia University's School of Journalism launched its *Journalism Review* with the prescient observation that "there exists, in and out of the profession, a widespread uneasiness about the state of journalism." The *Review* acknowledged that what journalism needed was "more and better criticism," and declared that the university now was ready to supply a journal that would save the profession from its own shortcomings and neuroses.

A few other schools followed Columbia's lead and published reviews that succeeded to a greater or lesser degree in combining the high-minded objectives of a serious professional school with the "reasonably impartial detachment" Columbia had called for. But it was not until October 1968 in Chicago that a group of working newsmen launched a publication, the *Chicago Journalism Review*, in which reporters not only aggressively criticized the content of their own local press but also attacked violently the management and personalities in and out of media. *Newsweek* greeted the *Chicago Review* gleefully with the observation that "reporters always gripe about their editors—those has-beens who emasculate their copy with one eye on City Hall and the other on their advertisers. Last week, [a] group of newsmen in Chicago . . . decided to take the copy into their own hands."

It took a couple of years for the Chicago venture to impress newsmen in other cities. The idea's time came, however, and in the past year local reviews—written and edited by present and former working reporters—have sprung up in Denver, Philadelphia, Southern California, St. Louis, Providence, Honolulu, New York, and Connecticut. Significant differences have emerged clearly between these "inside," entrepreneurial, often political, and sometimes ideological publications and those comparatively quiet school-sponsored reviews that stubbornly adhere to an almost quaint dedication to objectivity, accurate language, and education for the profession.

The editorial approach in the new journalism reviews is more aggressively hostile toward the established media than detachedly critical, and more pugnacious than inquiring. "Spiro Agnew's monopoly on criticism of the Eastern Media Establishment is over," (*More*), the New York review, proclaimed in its initial issue.

The media are described in the reviews as "targets" rather than as news sources. (*More*) editor Richard Pollak says: "We want to scrutinize the New York press in the same tough-minded way that the press ought to be covering the rest of the world." He adds that he hopes to do so "fairly but not 'objectively.'" Publisher William Woodward III talks about "taking on *The New York Times* business page" and showing that "they don't do anything except copy off the press releases people send them." Last June an article in the Chicago review censured a *Daily News* editor for insisting on "the concept of 'objectivity'" and complained that "unfortunately, as practiced at many papers this concept fails to convey to readers what is really going on." Another review writer suggested that "the editor should loosen up the restrictive style employed . . . under the pretense of objectivity," and that news sources who issue objectionable statements should be "journalistically disemboweled, right there in the news columns."

The concept of Reporter Power—Newsmen's Lib, if you will—is a recurring theme in the local reviews. It starts with the traditional reporter-editor, employee-employer conflict and spreads its roots toward Europe—France and Germany especially—where councils of employees participate in the management of such giants as *Le Monde* and *Der Stern*. Thus, the *Philadelphia Journalism Review* states, "We will not accept the authoritarian concept that . . . any editor has the right to tell us to subordinate our principles to his demands," and adds that it represents the first step by local reporters in "demanding and proving their right to have a say in what Philadelphia journalism will be." Elsewhere in that issue an *Inquirer* reporter comments on the irony that a profession that has undergone countless technological revolutions and one so laden with power and "so reflective of social change" should have taken so long to "come around to the idea of 'reporter power.'" It is an idea that is beginning to "take some hold" in city rooms across America.

There are references to "newsroom control." The French journalist Jean

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Schwoebel is quoted: "Control of the press by economic processes is completely anti-American . . . we are at the end of . . . magisterial journalism." The editor of *Thorn*, the Connecticut Valley review, remarks that the publishers must be "uneasy about the possible unions" of labor and the journalism reviews into "effective power blocs."

Not surprisingly, the reviews present a spectrum of diverse individual personalities. (*More*) is polished, professional, sophisticated. Its most brilliant piece, Charlotte Curtis's story of the management-editorial showdown at *Harper's* magazine, might have run in *The New Yorker, Esquire*, or *The New York Times*. The *Chicago Journalism Review* is a strident, controversial compendium of political sniping, gutter language, encomiums to local favorites and cronies in press and government, Chicago chauvinism, rasping hostility toward "the boss," seamy exposés, and, occasionally, incisive reports. The *Review of Southern California*, a product of the Long Beach chapter of Sigma Delta Chi journalism fraternity, is a parochial and naïve mélange of sophomoric efforts by teachers and students, garnished with pornographic photographs (to demonstrate press freedom), insignificant campus issues, and top-of-the-head juvenilia. Denver's review, *The Unsatisfied Man*, is outstanding, although recent issues indicate a drying up of editorial ideas as the review turns more to students for material (one writer proclaims the "college alternate press" is "the only 'free' press in the country today"). Denver's tabloid, however, shows a fundamental integrity and intelligence, resourcefulness, and creativity in exploring story sources, balance, and courage to praise as well as criticize.

The *Philadelphia Journalism Review*'s first issue last April was simply rotten. Half its pages were devoted to a depressing spasm of sobbing over office economies instituted by the Knight management when it took over from the Annenbergs. One article reported that 33 per cent of the editorial personnel who responded to a questionnaire felt that morale was "outright bad" and complained about restrictions on the number of free newspapers that could be taken from the building by employees, "insulting memos" on limiting telephone calls, and "demeaning requirements that employees receive permission from the dispensary to leave the building if they are sick." Several respondents "requested more copy boys."

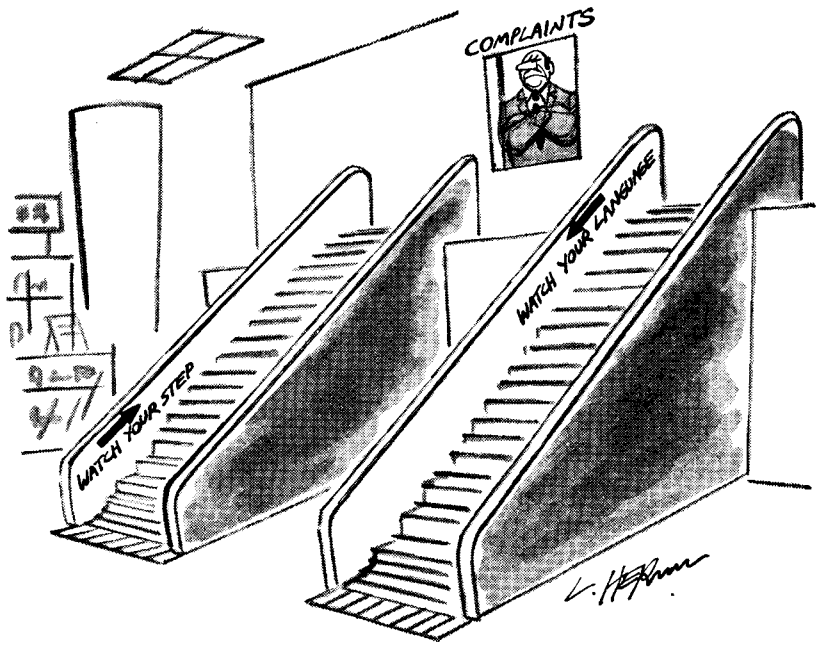
A major story in the same issue, headed "Petty Economics Cited as Major Morale Complaint," lamented that "the grand balls in the House of Annenberg were over, and the austerity of the Knights was upon us, along with the coincidental cutoff . . . of all institutionalized overtime." True, the article conceded, the economy had problems, but "Knight was merely using austerity as a gimmick for its petty economics." Grievances cited included requests that reporters limit long-distance interviews and file expense vouchers in duplicate, and regulations that "expense vouchers can no longer be picked up at the cashier but rather a pilgrimage must first be made to the city room's new accountant." The story concluded: "Only the most cynical employee would deny that the Annenberg operation was wasteful and inefficient. But the steamroller petty economies that the Knight management . . . pursued did more harm to morale than could ever possibly have been justified on the grounds of economy." Many derailed former newsmen would advise that writer to pray that his management's economies keep the newspaper —and the writer's job—alive.

The local reviews' thorniest problem is not what articles to publish, which media to attack, or how much power to seek for reporters, but how to raise the money to stay in business. Without exception, the reviews describe themselves as operating on shoestring budgets. Only the Columbia review seems to have solved its money troubles, at least temporarily, with a $200,000 grant from the Markle Foundation (backers of *Sesame Street*), which it is investing in printing more copies to put on selected newsstands, mailings to promote subscription sales, and stepped-up frequency of publication, from quarterly to bimonthly. Total circulation is now about 12,000 and should reach 15,000 by the end of this year and 20,000 by 1975.

The three-year-old Chicago review's circulation is still less than 7,000. Philadelphia's journal is "negotiating with foundations" to raise the $150 per issue required to publish. The Denver review concedes that it is "kept afloat—barely —with a few subscriptions and donations and with the free labors of the sixty-one members" in its founding group. In New York, the biggest market of all, (*More*) publisher Woodward confesses to operating on nothing more than a shoestring. Contents in the first issue were donated by the writers, although the plan is to pay for future articles. "Writers don't write for free very well or very often," Woodward says. He estimates that the first issue's total sale at newsstands was under 4,500 copies out of 10,000 distributed. About 1,300 subscriptions have been sold.

Will the journalists who founded the new wave of reviews be able to cope with their financial problems, and sustain editorial interest? Will they—especially in the larger cities—perform a function not already being successfully fulfilled by existing Establishment media, which also achieve color and controversy through muckraking exposés of rival media? Is the increasing dullness of many of the local reviews prophetic as they resort more and more to articles by students and campus editors? Will, as Columbia's editor Alfred Balk predicts, the "irresponsible ones weed themselves out"?

Surely there is something in the air. Whether it is a significant publishing groundswell, another Underground Press movement, a new Playboy-nudies-and-literature genre, or perhaps a modern newsweeklies phenomenon, remains to be seen. But there are many signs that the local journalism review is just a passing fad, a safety valve for one college generation afflicted with extraordinary irritability and impatience, and an ideological vogue.



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How to Sell a Magazine One Issue at a Time

by GERALDINE RHOADS

Five years ago, I wrote my last letter to a subscriber. "I am ever so sorry," it began.

"We are computerizing your subscription," said paragraph two in part.

"In some glorious future," said paragraph three, "this will mean better service than ever."

Careful not to make any binding promises about when my correspondent would receive her magazine, I closed with something approximating eternal devotion to such a dear, etc., long-suffering, etc., and perspicacious reader as she surely was. I then moved to *Woman's Day*.

I miss having subscribers. My heart went out to the ones to whom the computer persistently sent six copies of an issue, or none at all, and (looking back) I grow fonder of the breed who were impelled to cancel their subscriptions when they felt we'd taken a downward path.

At least they had to go to the trouble of canceling; they couldn't just silently slip away when disaffected, as they can if they're my readers today.

At *Woman's Day* we offer no subscriptions whatever, and so I edit on the assumption that I'll make eighty-four million separate sales a year—an average of seven million a month.

This is in contrast to most of the large consumer magazines, 90 per cent of whose sales are accounted for by presold subscriptions. In consequence, the single question I am asked over and over again is not about literary matters or Women's Lib. "You start with zero circulation each month and must sell seven million copies!" marketing men, manufacturers with millions of unit sales to make, and people in advertising exclaim. "How do you do it?" If there is a gimmick answer, they'd sure like to know it. Well, so would I.

Geraldine Rhoads of "Woman's Day": "I miss having subscribers."

The phenomenon most difficult for me to accept when I came to *Woman's Day* was that the magazine had a sale in the seven millions some months and a sale of eight approaching nine millions in others. I had never seen such dramatic curves.

If you look at the normal sales chart of any subscription magazine, it undulates from month to month, rising and dipping gracefully throughout the year. Only when you break out its newsstand sales and graph them separately do you begin to see a pattern more like *Woman's Day*'s. These sales may rise or drop with month-to-month gains or losses of 10-15 per cent. But for subscription magazines a 12 per cent loss is likely to run less than a hundred thousand unsold copies—a five-figure sadness. For me, such a percentage drop means closer to a million copies —a potential seven-figure tragedy.

It does lend a touch of drama to my quiet editorial job, though in an era of rising postal rates any publisher or editor takes renewed interest in newsstand sales.

Some of our zigs and zags are seasonal. They profile a reader who is so hot (in August in Arizona) or so busy (on the eve of Christmas) that it is hard to catch her attention. But in the main, the ups and downs spell only one message: The reader is the most important person you'll ever know, and you must find ways to be indispensable to her—every single month. You also have to figure out a way to let her know how indispensable you are.

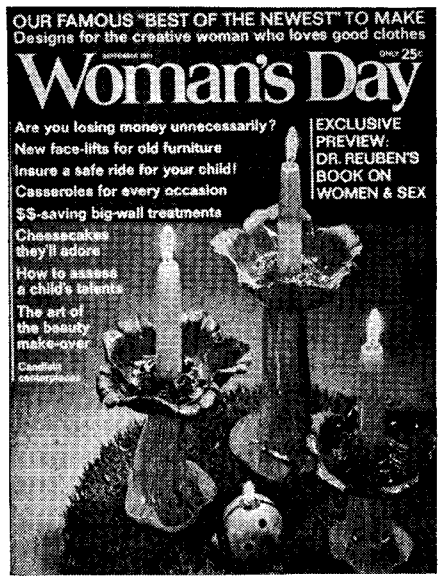
All editors are unique in that they are responsible for both creating a product and selling it. For all magazines the contents rate first in importance, but the cover is the package and an important selling tool. *Woman's Day* must have somewhere between eight and twenty million encounters with potential buyers every month. In most of these, the cover is its only means of making a sale.

A year or so ago, I visited about 250 of our 50,000 store outlets (30,000 are supermarkets; others are newsstands etc.) to take a look at what goes on in the environment in which *Woman's Day* must attract its readers one by one. I came back to the editorial desk with some misgivings.

Somehow, through the many little packets that festoon supermarket checkout counters, or from behind the merchandise that nervous grocers move up front, the better to foil shoplifters, the woman who should be reading *Woman's Day* should at least be made to see the magazine. The cover must be bright and compelling, a bull's-eye in design, and striking in color and composition. It must announce unmistakably that a new issue is at hand. It should also have a variety of cover lines large enough for her to read, and, since she may be old or young, fat or thin, flush or feeling poor, one, at least, should speak directly to her own condition.

Now art directors don't believe in cover lines. This is just as well, I think, for their erroneous disbelief eggs them on in their search for cover pictures that will startle and sway the reluctant purchaser, and this artistic R&D is essential. In fact, when I'm privy to figures showing successful results with any cover that's something of an artistic disaster (whether it's ours or somebody else's), I suppress the figure as long as possible. A beautiful, compelling cover can ace out much of the visual competition from both other magazines and merchandise.

That's Cover Rule No. 1 for every magazine, but it applies tenfold to a single-copy magazine like *Woman's*


OUR FAMOUS "BEST OF THE NEWEST" TO MAKE
Designs for the creative woman who loves good clothes
Woman's Day
Are you losing money unnecessarily?
New face-lifts for old furniture
Insure a safe ride for your child!
Casseroles for every occasion
$$-saving big-wall treatments
Cheesecakes they'll adore
How to assess a child's talents
The art of the beauty make-over
EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW: DR. REUBEN'S BOOK ON WOMEN & SEX

"The cover must be bright and compelling, a bull's-eye in design."

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Day. So does a second rule, that the composition and dominant color scheme of covers should change from month to month. I remember a Curtis circulation man once exploding to me over the *Ladies' Home Journal*'s great editor Beatrice Gould and her fondness for pink—and how hard it was to sell two pink-background issues in a row. I can neither indulge such a color preference nor use similar subjects in consecutive months.

In the last two years, for example, the two big single-copy magazines, *Woman's Day* and *Family Circle*, ran food covers seven times apiece. Pictures of women ran second. We also had dolls, Easter eggs, flowers, and candles, all with backup stories inside the magazine. (The reader of *Woman's Day* cries foul if a flower cover entices her and she finds no flower-arranging inside. Ditto with a sweater girl: Our reader expects us to tell her how to make the sweater.)

In contrast, in the same period, *McCall's* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* featured women on thirty-four of their forty-eight covers. Thirteen of these were public figures—among them Jacqueline Kennedy, Joan Kennedy, Twiggy, Nancy Seaver, Tricia Nixon, Mia Farrow, Jacqueline Susann, Katharine Hepburn, and Mrs. Lyndon Johnson.

Some of my fellow editors have enjoyed wild success with personalities on their covers (most White House occupants, any Kennedy, Princess Grace). I can well remember how this was, having been on magazines with a cushion of subscription business. It fascinated me that personality covers did so well, particularly since so many subscribers wrote to complain about the very celebrities who sold the best.

I admit that this little note of warning failed to deter me from pursuing personalities when I first arrived at *Woman's Day*. What I still kept hearing loud and clear was the jubilance at *Ladies' Home Journal* when the February 1961 issue disappeared from newsstands in a day or two: That was the issue with an enchanting picture of three-year-old Jacqueline Kennedy on the cover, containing the start of Mary van Rensselaer Thayer's three-parter on the new First Lady's childhood and pre-White House years.

That 1961 sellout had been just the first of a couple of hundred successes with headliners on Jacqueline Kennedy alone, and here was *Woman's Day*, a magazine that hadn't covered the Kennedy family since 1939, when Jerome Beatty persuaded Rose to tell about "The Nine Little Kennedys and How They Grew."

Well, I have published some celebrity stories in *Woman's Day*, and they were well received, and we'll publish some more. But there has never been any clear indication that gossipy personality stories work any sales magic for us. So we don't reach out for a personality every month—as almost everyone else in our business does—and my staff is not set up, nor my operation budgeted, for the study and exploitation of celebrities.

My only possible explanation for these contrasts in experience is that the editor with 90 per cent of his readers presold can profitably sample the unsold, in his case a more limited group, with a personality story or some other novelty. I have to sell practically the whole magazine. Somehow, every month we must reach out with an irresistible invitation to *all* our readers, not so much with novelty as with indispensability.

This means that feature after feature, with blurb after blurb to invite readers' perusal, must grow out of the fundamental purpose of the magazine —to help a woman with her daily problems and challenges. We're a trade magazine, basically, designed to supply expertise to the half of our population that spends at least part of its adult years on tasks related to home and family. If *Woman's Day* has a secondary purpose, it's close to the first: to reinforce our reader's self-respect and her respect for the life and work she chooses to pursue.

That's it. Like any sensible trade magazine, we are not concerned with being all things to all people, nor even all things to those whose jobs we cover. If a woman is bright enough to be reading *Woman's Day*, she is also smart enough to follow breaking news on dinnertime TV, to update herself on current events in the newspaper, and, for more interpretive coverage, to read other periodicals.

Our reportorial beats take us to the people and organizations concerned with food, shelter, clothing, health, education, and the like. We're dedicated to telling a woman how to cope with life—including everyday life. In fact, one of the priceless ingredients of the magazine that makes its way with single-copy sales may be its capacity for meeting *daily* needs. It's interesting that outside of the woman's field, the one large single-copy seller is *TV Guide*, with its daily program listings.

There is an immediacy in our sale of the magazine and our reader's use of it. Something about each issue must say, "Buy me, take me home, read me, use me." Usually, according to all the surveys that have come my way, this stimulus is a cover line. One of the widespread fallacies in our business is that cover lines are the product of a writer's genius. Publishers, circulation experts, advertisers, and many on the promotion side may be deceived on this point. But not writers, even the brilliant ones who struggle to write the winning lines. Writers know that a good story all but writes its own blurb. Readers are not deceived, either; all too quickly they grow to know if you oversell, and they despise you for it. A cover line without a good backup story amounts to a boomerang.

Behind each selling cover line must lie a story with substance, drama, and pertinence for the reader. The pursuit of the kind of excellence that ends up in a selling cover line must start when a story is still on the drawing boards, possibly still unresearched, or even only somebody's good hunch.

It would take a book to detail the many ways in which an editor deals with an idea—developing, testing, shaping, simplifying, or enriching it—and there are many professional editors who might write the book. But if it were my manual, I would add a chapter seriously examining "coverage" as a criterion by which to judge the appeal or effectiveness of a magazine. I don't mean to say that a *Saturday Review* should not have its experts in science, education, books, movies, and I earlier acknowledged my specialization in food and shelter and clothing and so forth, because these are daily concerns of my reader.

But the on-page result of editorial exploration, even in these fields of basic and universal reader interest, must be something more than coverage of the latest in food and the latest in homes and clothing. Such reportage lacks the come-on required in a single-copy magazine. What is wanted—what can be winning—is the report on clothes or interiors or dishes that anticipates and meets a reader's most pressing needs.

I think an editor's most important coverage is coverage of the reader. First and last, the genesis of a good story lies in a reader's needs, and reader-appeal is built into a feature only when it is researched and developed with the reader's hopes and fears and problems in mind.

There are pressures to do otherwise. If you have superb staff specialists, they are greedy for space to report *all* their findings. If you have an advertising department, it may count the lines (yes, lines) you devote to the subjects that support their clients. Even writers seeking a market for their work tend to ask what coverage you want.

There is a hoary old complaint to the effect that an editor is "someone who knows exactly what he wants, but can't tell you what it is." That's very true. While there are times when I know exactly what I'm hunting, there are spells between, that sometimes seem like eons, when I look and look for something for the reader, checking what I

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see in the market against the reader's tastes and needs, much the way a man seeks a surprise gift for his wife. It isn't coverage of a subject or a market that makes a magazine irresistible: It's the painstaking, concerned, imaginative matching of reader need, subject, and, above all, treatment.

If we had subscribers, I'd also have more columns in the magazine. I forgo a substantial lineup of monthly columns because the genre itself tends to preclude the sharp or dramatically structured piece of writing most likely to tempt new readers or welcome old ones back emphatically. A column usually guarantees sameness and coverage and other desirable but undramatic elements.

Additionally, of course, columns guarantee something ready-made for every issue, perhaps without any creative start-up at all, any titles or blurbs to be written at the last minute, or any artwork to be specially done. But I've seen too many magazines come to a thin issue with practically no space left for anything but the columns—the doctor of the month back with his disease of the month, the party of the month, the money tips of the month, and so forth.

With few items automatically supplied for our issues, however, we are forced to keep on looking for new subjects, new writers, and new approaches to fill the pages. We're ready to hear ideas from all sorts of experts, in all fields, there being no commitment to only one expert or expert point of view. I can almost never say, truthfully, as other editors often must, that we're off the market in any given area. Bearing in mind only our commitment to help our readers and the physical size of the magazine, we're free to change and move ahead with our readers with every single issue.

As all editors know, some issues grow like children blessed at birth. In months like those, the sun shines on all the photographers on location. The medical experts invoked to check an article are all in happy agreement. And if *all* the written contents are not graced with genius, there are at least some felicitous pieces that will be the joy of both editor and reader.

These months, alas, are few and far between. The monthly struggle for excellence involves retesting and revision and rewriting and reshooting. The foolproof recipe must be tested thirty-five times. The standard instructions for découpage—printed and reprinted practically since man first glued paper to wood—turn out to be unworkable with cutouts using newer printing inks. The camera, the one used on the most elusive celebrity, was, it seems, out of order. Even the best of the magazine's writers suddenly turns in some sluggish, strangulated copy and then is discovered to be bedded down with The Virus, whichever one is virulent that season.

These are times when I remember with fondness not only subscribers but also former days on magazines where we could make really late changes, where, as one of my production colleagues used to say, "I think the fashion editor is going to follow the magazine all the way to the subscriber's house to change her pages!" At *Woman's Day* we lock up everything, and especially our cover, almost a full month ahead of magazines with less dependence on newsstand sales. What a way to cramp an editor's style!

My first reaction to this problem was to flaunt my knowledge about how much air is built into deadlines, and ask why I, of all editors, should be afflicted with such special closing problems. I retreated from this position the first time I saw sales results of an issue that failed to go on sale on time. Sixty-two per cent of our sale is made in the first seven days we're on display, and we never quite make up this business if we're late. Why do women who want you between the 20th and the 30th spurn you between the 30th and the 10th? I don't know, but they do.

So we are on time. We don't manufacture our entire newsstand run in the first thirteen days of production, putting subscription copies in the mail during the final two weeks and then allowing them to reach readers when the Postal Service delivers them. Every month, eight or nine or ten million copies of *Woman's Day* are all in the sellers' hands on the Tuesday set as the on-sale date.

In the five years I've been the editor of *Woman's Day*, and learning as I go, I think my clearest lesson is that editing a magazine with newsstand sales in mind is editing the old-fashioned way, with only the reader in mind. I cannot afford to forget her on a single page of a single issue.

There can be no temptation to edit for advertisers, to swerve from the path to gain publicity, prizes, prestige —or even to indulge myself and my personal aims. It doesn't matter how many prizes you win, or advertising pages you sell, or how politically or socially prominent you grow. All that matters is the reader out there, someone who has bought you with the faith that you will do something for her, that you are utterly honest, that she is the only one for whom you care, that you know her strong points and weak and admire her for what she is and chooses to become.

In this last respect, the job of editing a single-copy magazine is the most rewarding there can be, and maybe the easiest, at that.

"If it'll make it any easier, use an overlapping grip, keep your left arm straight and your head down."

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The World Press and the Teaching of Journalism

by JOHN TEBBEL

HELSINKI.

Observing its own twentieth anniversary and the 200th of Finnish newspapers, the International Press Institute (IPI) gathered here recently to consider, as it does every year, the state of the world's press. The institute has traditionally concerned itself with freedom of the press, and for twenty years this freedom's outlook has become progressively gloomier. Nothing occurred this year to improve the view, and in fact the convention found itself in the international headlines through a direct confrontation with one of its enemies.

Before this confrontation occurred, the conference had moved with public serenity through three quiet days of meetings, during which the nearly 300 delegates from thirty-eight countries considered such matters as the status of foreign correspondents and the safety of journalists on dangerous missions. It was proposed, and generally agreed upon, that these members of the working press ought to have some kind of international press identification card that would be recognized by all nations. This card, it was hoped, would separate the foreign correspondents from the spies in case of detainment, although some listeners argued that it would be necessary to find a means of preventing spies from getting the cards before skeptical governments and their commanders in the field would be satisfied.

Reporting at another session on press freedom in the Western Hemisphere, George Beebe, senior managing editor of the Miami *Herald* and chairman of the executive committee of the Inter-American Press Association (IAPA), was optimistic about the courage of editors and publishers, and even about the future, but his summary of the present situation offered little reason for optimism.

In the last three years in South America, he remarked, "sizable segments of the press have been assaulted by extremists from the Left and the Right. Newspapers and magazines have been closed. Publishers and reporters have been beaten and jailed. There is full censorship or self-censorship in many countries, where editors live in fear of reprisals if they write anything that will displease the government."

Julio Mesquita Neto, of *O Estado* in São Paulo, had recently made on-the-spot checks of most Latin American countries for IAPA, Beebe said, and had reported "the overall view so gloomy that you can count on one hand the nations with true representative democracy. Politically, it is fast coming under the heavy hands of military and Marxist leaders. They will not tolerate criticism, and some take advantage of the growing nationalistic fervor to subtly diminish an editorial voice by turning opposition newspapers over to the workers to be run as cooperatives."

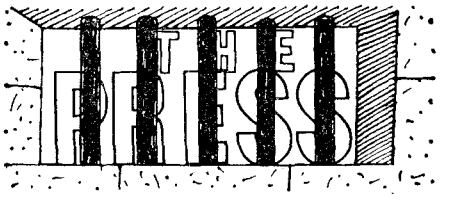
The governments of Latin American countries, Beebe observed, are "not content to repress defiance. They also want to control freedom of criticism and even freedom of thought itself."

In this and other sessions of the conference, as well as in private conversations off the floor, there occurred again and again the word "objectivity," which has come into such disrepute among some American critics of the press. Foreign journalists find it hard to understand why America, one of the few nations in the world still with a free press, and one of the few where freedom of the press is guaranteed by the Constitution, is not more concerned about preserving that freedom. To many, "subjectivity" is only another way of saying "propaganda."

These discussions came to a head on the convention's last day with the

appearance of Lee Kuan Yew, Prime Minister of Singapore. When the invitation to Lee was extended last December, the plan was for him to be one of the speakers on a panel session titled "The Mass Media Seen by the World Policy-Makers," under the chairmanship of Barry Bingham, editor and publisher of the distinguished Louisville *Courier-Journal* and *Times*. Other policy-makers were to be Harold Wilson of Great Britain and Abdou Diouf, Prime Minister of Senegal.

Between the planning and the execution, however, an embarrassing event occurred. Shortly before the Helsinki conference convened, Lee summarily closed down the Singapore *Herald*, a newspaper that had opposed his regime, and held two of its editors in jail. Since this action came on the heels of the suspension of jury trials in Singapore, the world press and the IPI came to some obvious conclusions and Lee was roundly condemned. Nevertheless, the IPI did not withdraw its invitation. The British shadow cabinet, however, felt that the Prime Minister had been placed in a sticky situation that might prove even stickier in a direct confrontation; so Mr. Wilson found urgent business to detain him in England, and Anthony Wedgwood Benn was sent in his place. The situation was further complicated by the fact that Miss Sally Aw Sian, the principal stockholder of the *Herald* and also chairman of the IPI executive board, was considered quite likely



to confront the man who had accused her of sinister motives and connections. (In fact, she avoided him.)

Well rehearsed in advance by newspapers all over the globe, this drama came on stage not in the atmosphere of sober analysis that had been envisioned the winter before, but in a blaze of lights, television cameras, reporters, and high tension. The audience sat patiently through Mr. Benn's cheery British eloquence and Mr. Diouf's calm, logical exposition, waiting for the fireworks Lee was expected to ignite.

He did not disappoint them. Lee proved to be a clever, sophisticated, utterly ruthless politician with a rapier tongue and a quite evident contempt for the press and all its minions. In polished English (he was educated at Cambridge), he set forth what has by this time become a chillingly familiar international scenario: an "explosive situation," which no outsider could possibly understand, had existed in Singapore, and in order to deal with it he had been compelled to take certain temporary measures. As soon as events made it possible, the usual processes of Singapore democracy, whatever they might be, would be restored. Meanwhile, Lee went on calmly, it was perfectly clear that the *Herald* had been only a stalking horse in a plot to discredit him before the next elections, which he had to win if Singapore were to continue onward and upward. His enemies, it appeared, were the CIA and the Chase

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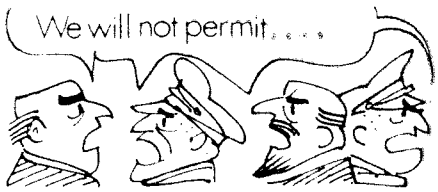
Manhattan Bank, which had conspired with Miss Aw Sian and others—in fact, any others who might have opposed the regime. This seemed rather odd, in view of the fact that Lee is well known for his business orientation and his anti-Communism, but in his speech and in his answers to the questions that followed, the Prime Minister made it clear that he believed himself to be the intended victim of a conspiracy.

Embedded in his rhetoric, however, was a single phrase that recurred again and again: "We will not permit. . . ." It is a phrase familiar to the press in Greece, in Czechoslovakia, in Spain, in Taiwan, in most of Latin America, and in dozens of other countries. Few at the conference believed that it would also be heard, in effect, only a few days later in America.

Whatever the rights or wrongs of the situation in Singapore may have been, it was plain enough that Lee had taken the position of every authoritarian regime, namely, that the ends justify the means and that the "security" of the country, however the regime chooses to interpret it, comes before everything else, including such transitory things as human freedoms.

This depressing firsthand insight into the way many nations' policy-makers really view the mass media came at the end of a day that had begun with the IPI's annual business session, at which the kind of response the press might make to the challenge posed by the Lees of the world came into serious question. The IPI has protested directly to the governments in-



volved in every suppression of press freedom that has come to its attention—to which protests, of course, the governments have paid little, if any, attention. But the IPI contends that submission of the protests is nevertheless a moral force that must continue to be exerted as long as the struggle against the tyranny of governments continues. This year, however, the business session bogged down abysmally, and delegates struggled vainly to formulate the usual resolutions and motions.

This session ended in such frustration that, perhaps for the first time, there were delegates who openly questioned the organization's usefulness. Many inquired: When the IPI members could not even agree among themselves, what prospect was there of compelling agreement from others? Further, as someone has observed, at international conferences the nationals tend to get more nationalistic when controversies arise, and in this case the question was raised as to whether the IPI ought not to split up into European and Asian organizations, each devoting itself to its own interests. In that case, said some of the Africans, perhaps it would be better if . . . , and so it went. In despair, Aatos Erkko, Finnish vice chairman of the IPI executive board and one of the organization's most able members, threatened to resign.

After Lee's appearance, the air cleared magically. The business of the convention was concluded—if not to everyone's satisfaction, at least without chaos. Mr. Erkko withdrew his threat, if it had ever really been one, and harmony was restored among the nations. While other factors were involved, a primary element in the peace was recognition that only a strong, united world body could hope to deal with the profound threat to global press freedom.

Fortunately, the confrontation between the Nixon administration and *The New York Times* over the publication of the Pentagon papers did not occur until after the conference was over; otherwise a story of such magnitude and relevance might have obscured the important issues Lee's appearance raised—issues every publisher in what remains of the "free" world must face head on if any semblance of press freedom is to be preserved. But there were echoes of the *Times* affair. In an unbuttoned discussion inspired by the Finns' excellent vodka, one European publisher, who asked not to be identified—"you see how far down the road we have come," he said—remarked that perhaps Americans did not deserve their constitutionally protected press freedom, since they took it so lightly, to the point where many citizens appeared to agree with administration critics and went even further in advocating controls. It was pointed out that in contentious America, where every man is a critic, most citizens believed it to be impossible that any administration would ever make an attempt to control the press directly, no matter how irritated it might be over what was printed. The publisher raised a skeptical eyebrow. "We have heard this before," he said drily. "You had better not be so sure."

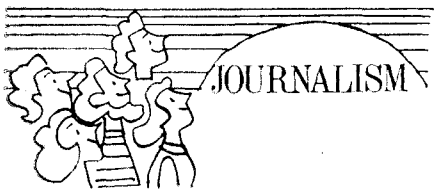
A few days later, this publisher was encountered elsewhere in Europe. As he sat down at the café table, he produced a copy of the international *Herald Tribune* from his pocket, carrying the news of the Nixon administration's injunctive action against the *Times*. "You see!" he exclaimed, waving the paper under his American friend's nose. "You see!" The friend saw. It was the logical conclusion, somewhat delayed, of this year's International Press Institute conference.

Journalism training came in for serious discussion at the Helsinki convention, under the provocative title "Training for What?" It appears that the well-worn argument between the "chi squares" and the "green eyeshades" is not as dead and buried as many would like to think. Exhausted as the discussion may be, the factional division between professional and sociological training continues abroad as well as in this country. It is not so much a matter of which approach is better, since neither side is likely to be convinced, but of how the two systems can co-exist—or, in some cases, *if* they can. Apparently, this is a much more debatable question abroad than it is here.

The chairman for the Helsinki sessions was a man who bears the scars of this conflict between two systems.

Tom Hopkinson, who has just completed his first year as director of the Centre for Journalism Studies at University College in Cardiff, Wales, fought hard to establish this first university-connected journalism program in Britain. He has known what it is to face both the opposition of the newspaper publishers (a battle long since won, for the most part, in this country) and the academic snobbery of the university hierarchy, which exists wherever liberal-arts purists continue to hold power.

After an outstanding career as a professional journalist and an equally noteworthy period of work with journalism training programs in Africa, Hopkinson went to the University of Sussex three years ago. At that time, it appeared as if the National Council for the Training of Journalists had succeeded in overcoming publisher and university opposition to the point of permitting a pilot study at Sussex to see if a press-financed journalism program in the university could be established. Hopkinson was in charge of the study.



But after two years of hard work, the whole plan disappeared virtually

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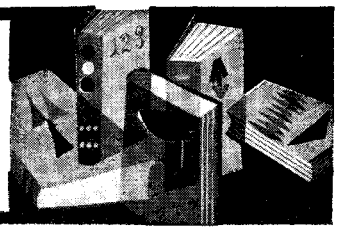
Books in Communications



Textbook for Everyone

The authors of *Modern Newspaper Editing* (Glendessary Press, $8.95) see a future for the newspaper. Their text—clear, complete, detailed without dullness—summarizes just about everything that is or should be happening in the business today and contemplates many of the possibilities, technological and otherwise, that lie ahead. Even when facsimile one day comes, this book by Gene Gilmore and Robert Root, both graduates of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune*, will need no up-dating.

Farsighted as it is, this text is also handsomely laid out, clearly and often entertainingly written, and full of examples. Headlines? The authors include large-page reproductions of headlines in all possible styles, mixing in the wrongheaded with the right. Front-page layout? They analyze Page One of many famous newspapers and demonstrate how the reader customarily reads the front page in a reverse 6, scanning the upper left, shifting to the right, dropping to the lower right, and sweeping up through the center of the page—this despite the customary play of the main story in the extreme righthand column. Copy editing? The heart of the newspaper process could not be more graphically conveyed if the reader were to look over the shoulder of a *New York Times* copy desk man.

In his new book, Jack Newfield deplores journalism schools that become impersonal factories mass-producing what Pete Hamill of the *New York Post* calls "clerks of fact." The authors, while not ignoring city-room clerkships, handle the wider issues as well: the specialist versus the generalist, drawbacks in the scrupulously nonpolitical coverage of the wire services and their uncritical acceptance of official sources, newspaper ethics, and pressures, supposed and real, on the news evaluation process.

With chapters on printing, past, present, and future, the possible effects of facsimile and cable TV, and libel, no corner of the business is left unexplained.

The Raised Voice: Jack Newfield, who wrote about the origins of the New Left in *A Prophetic Minority* and a tribute to his political hero in *Robert Kennedy: A Memoir*, has come out with his first collection of journalistic pieces in *Bread and Roses Too* (Dutton, $8.95; paperback $3.95). His reputation as a new journalist derives from a remarkable local output of social reporting, concerned comment on the war, political observation, book reviews, and character assessment (sometimes assailment) predominantly in *The Village Voice* (circulation 142,000) and *New York* magazine (290,000). This book should extend the reach nationally of one of the most urgent, committed, and impassioned voices among the new journalists. Newfield writes from the center of the action, as a charter member of the Movement. And while his prodding of officials and blaming of politicians is unrelenting, there are a fairness and lack of stridency in his work not always found in New Left journalism.

Newfield's is a uniquely New York voice, but the range of the coverage in this volume extends from early voter registration drives in Mississippi and evaluations of Muhammad Ali's mythic importance in boxing to book reviews of Abbie Hoffman and Eric Goldman, and yet it reads all of a piece, which is unusual in collections and seems to me a tribute to Newfield's constancy and sincerity. He is vivid and embattled in describing a ride in a car with mixed white and black SNCC workers when a redneck farmer in a pickup truck, after several passes, literally ran them off the highway. Exploring the effects of lead poisoning from peeling paint in slum tenements on untended and underfed children, Newfield opens up fields of social investigation of his own.

Built into the story are the official obstacles Newfield encounters trying to penetrate the reasons for bureaucratic inaction. Digging deeply for the facts, Newfield writes with the same sense of outrage and personal frustration about inhuman conditions in overcrowded New York prisons in which the repressed, whatever their transgressions, seem less criminally guilty than the vindictive repressors. Ultimate blame is placed squarely at the office door of Commissioner of Corrections George McGrath.

Dogging the footsteps of politicians, Newfield develops some sharp insights into New York politics. Here are his devastating analysis of Rockefeller's retrogression from a supposed Republican liberalism, his grudgingly favorable, if qualified, assessment of Mayor Lindsay, and his crushing dismissal of Ted Sorenson as a "burnt-out" case.

Newfield sets forth his own non-dogmatic political position in a long and splendidly written introduction, a condemnation of the liberal intellectuals of the 1950s whose fanatical anti-communism he sees as having foreclosed any flexibility in Soviet bloc policy toward us and having deflected our attention utterly from serious internal illnesses. Newfield lost his hero in Robert Kennedy and now puts faith in a humanizing populism leading back to a Jeffersonian decentralization that will reverse the current of bureaucratic impersonalization. He has no patience with America-hating radicals but rather trusts in the communal energies of the Movement to shift the country onto a new course.

As Newfield's own work attests, the very strength of the new journalism is in its lack of impersonality and in its attack on the "myth" of objectivity.

> My root criticism of the old journalism is simply that it is blind to an important part of reality, that it just doesn't print all the truth. It has a built-in value system that influences every editorial, every decision on hiring, what syndicated columnist to buy, what stories to cover, what copy to spike, what reporter to promote.

This is surely an arguable position. Newfield, in view of the intractability of the Establishment, would like to rely on the uninhibited personal voices of committed journalists, such as himself. The hallmark of the journalism he rejects is its acceptance of the authority of a body of journalistic principle outside of one's own person and perceptions. The Establishment, for all its faults, has the virtue of this selfless commitment. Newfield, for all his virtues, has the fault of his own prejudices and limited viewpoint.

Also Noted: *Guidelines in Selling Magazine Advertising* by Karyl Van and John Hahn (Meredith, $15) spells out the rules that probably every good salesman instinctively knows, but the book offers a complete check list and for the beginner a whole course of study. . . . *News Dictionary 1970*, edited by Susan Anderson (Facts on File, $9.50; paperback $6.75), organizes the events of the year alphabetically under subject, country, name of person or organization, instead of relying on complex indexing at the back, and contains all the main events of the full calendar year. . . . *Remember Television* by Ron Lackmann (Putnam, $7.95) is an album of stills from the old shows (1947-1958) making television look somehow older and fuzzier.

—Stuart W. Little.

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We can catch the common cold faster if we keep it a race.

Question:

Why can't somebody hand out assignments to pharmaceutical companies? So company *A* could be solving the cold problem while company *B* is working on heart disease, and so on. Wouldn't we get a lot more done? With a lot less duplication?

Answer:

Afraid not.

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We just have to run after it all together. Separately.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

(Send for our free booklet, *When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask.* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. SR1, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.)*

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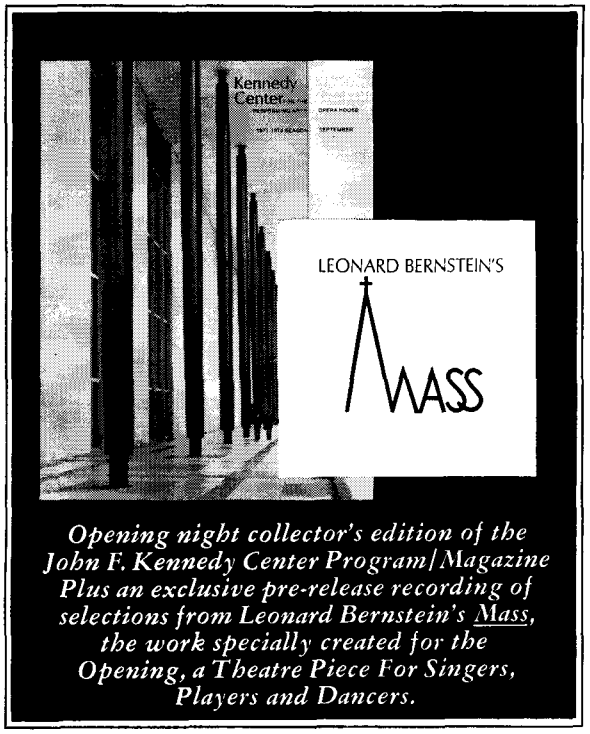
A Rare Prize For Collectors.



Opening night collector's edition of the John F. Kennedy Center Program/Magazine Plus an exclusive pre-release recording of selections from Leonard Bernstein's Mass, the work specially created for the Opening, a Theatre Piece For Singers, Players and Dancers.

On September 8, 1971, the visions and plans of four Presidents and hundreds of patrons and supporting artists became a reality. On that historic night, world leaders in government and the arts gathered in Washington, D.C. for the opening of The John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, and the premier performance of the work commissioned for the occasion: Leonard Bernstein's *Mass.*

Because of the world-wide interest in the new cultural center and in Mr. Bernstein's new *Mass, Saturday Review,* publishers of the Program/Magazine for the Kennedy Center, is making available a limited supply of the first night's edition—a genuine collector's item—and, by special arrangement, an exclusive 7″ stereo recording of major selections from *Mass* produced exclusively by Columbia Records for this offer. *The first complete recording of the work will not be released for public sale until 1972.*

The Program/Magazine itself is 144 pages of contemporary history in full color and black and white including: The background of the Center; Letters from Presidents Nixon and Kennedy; Full-color photographs of the Kennedy Center, inside and out; Notes and comments on Bernstein's major new work; A list of distinguished patrons and founding artists; plus features on John Kennedy and the arts; A report on leading art institutions in Washington; and more.

In addition, the Program/Magazine has a practical side. In it you'll find architectural plans for all three theaters, seating plans, ticket information, restaurants within the Center, and parking information.

This inaugural Program/Magazine and recording can be obtained only at Kennedy Center and through this offer. There will be no sale of the inaugural Program or the exclusive pre-release recording except under the auspices of the Kennedy Center and Saturday Review Programs. Only a limited number of copies have been printed. The plates have been destroyed. When the limited supply is gone, there will be no more produced. Judging from the scarcity of opening night Program/Magazines for New York's Lincoln Center, these rare collector's items will almost certainly increase in value with each passing year.

Orders will be filled on a first come basis, so send today for your Program/Magazine and recording simply by completing and mailing coupon with your check or money order. Or if you so indicate you will be billed. Pleased do not send cash.

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Madison Avenue

The FTC Means Business

Make no mistake about it. The Federal Trade Commission and the advertising industry are at loggerheads. "Landmark" rulings and statements emanating from FTC headquarters in Washington are putting Madison Avenue on its mettle and causing enormous brainstorming sessions in both client and agency offices.

Here are some recent FTC actions affecting advertising:

- The commission announced that it will order all major industries to document their advertising claims about safety, performance, effectiveness, quality, and comparative prices and began by telling seven automobile manufacturers to substantiate sixty different statements about their products.

- A consent order was issued by the commission establishing the first corrective advertising provision; the case involved ITT Continental Baking Company, which agreed to devote one-quarter of its ad budget for Profile bread over a specified period of time in an effort to eliminate any continuing effects of previous allegedly misleading statements.

- Advertisers and their agencies were notified of plans to hold a broad-scale inquiry into the physical, emotional, and psychological responses to advertising, particularly on television, so as to give the commission a better understanding of the field and a better capacity to make judgments about it.

Individually these moves would indicate a tightening up by the fifty-seven-year-old independent federal agency of its statutory authority over advertising. But collectively—and these three actions are only a few of the trail-blazing steps taken since the commission was revamped last year—they represent a well-planned and well-organized effort to force advertisers into a recognition that their commercials and print ads will be monitored by the FTC to determine that they tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

Lynn Sutcliffe, counsel to the Senate Commerce Committee, which oversees the commission, called the new FTC proceedings "a revitalization in the area of advertising." Bess Myerson, New York City's Commissioner of Consumer Affairs, observed, "At long last the corporations that advertise on TV to millions of Americans will be held to the same standards as the individual who signs an affidavit about his neighbor."

Within the agency fraternity, however, the comments take on a different tone. For example, Walter Bregman, president of Norman Craig & Kummel, was quite distressed with the FTC's voluntary agreement with Continental Baking. "What worries me is that whenever a company takes the easy way out, as ITT Continental has done, it puts other companies in more of a bind," he said. "They've set a precedent—all right, it's not a legal precedent, it's a consent decree—that will be played back to us by the Federal Trade Commission many times in the future."

The FTC's documentation demands are a significant departure from past procedures and may be the toughest of its new weapons, for they require the compilation of all tests, studies, and other data that substantiate specified advertising claims, which the FTC hopes will "assist consumers in making a rational choice."

When Joseph Pitofsky, director of the commission's Consumer Protection Bureau, first announced the step-by-step program in June, he said, "Eventually, we will get out orders against every major industry." He also said that the data bank of backup information supporting factual claims by manufacturers would be made public, except for trade secrets, customer lists, and other confidential information.

A month later, the other shoe dropped, as far as four domestic and three foreign auto makers are concerned when the automotive industry became the first to be studied because it accounts for the largest portion of consumer durable goods spending. General Motors, Ford, Chrysler, American Motors, Volkswagen, Nissan, and Toyota were told to support claims for their products made in various media, including such statements as "over 700 per cent quieter," "109 advantages to keep it from getting old before its time," and "you can expect to get up to thirty miles a gallon."

The auto companies, which were given sixty days to submit sworn information, reacted quickly with formal news releases that virtually welcomed the look-see by the FTC and noted that they are prepared to furnish the required substantiation. Obviously, this was their best response—pending the submission of the actual documentation—since the commission warned that it would go to court to force compliance if necessary.

Another headline-making move by the FTC came in July when it made its consent decree with Continental Baking and its advertising agency, Ted Bates & Company, over certain Profile ads that were charged with having made false weight claims. Profile's deception, in the commission's eyes, was in giving the impression that the bread by itself would cause weight loss under a diet plan.

The government's proposed remedy —which did not have to be tested in court because the company went along with it without admitting any guilt— was corrective advertising to "cure residual consumer deception," in Mr. Pitofsky's words. Other corporations have been requested by the FTC to accept the same kind of conditions, but no one else has voluntarily agreed as yet. In the case of Continental Baking, the agreement called for 25 per cent of its advertising expenditures for twelve months beginning this fall to be used in the identical media it normally uses to offset possible misunderstandings by stating that Profile "is not effective for weight reduction."

The forty-one-year-old lawyer who heads the commission's consumer protection branch doesn't believe that a major producer can afford to stop advertising solely to escape the requirement of correcting previous ads. But he does believe that "one of the best ways to deal with the false impressions created by some advertising is to resort to the same media and the same message—get the facts across the same way the deception was."

The FTC's fact-finding inquiry, which was originally scheduled to begin this month and now is not slated to start until October, may be the broadest cut of all. In the sessions to be held in the nation's capital and in other cities across the country, many of the practices within advertising will be up for inspection,—techniques, impact, standards.

In any event, the Federal Trade Commission apparently has declared open season on advertisers. The results of its current probes, feints, and parries, moreover, could change many of the traditional ways of advertising—and perhaps help to develop a new *modus operandi* for this $20-billion business.

—Leonard Sloane.

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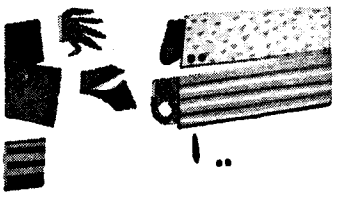
Public Relations



Alerting Management

There was a time, not too many years ago, when public opinion changed rather slowly. An idea propounded by an individual or a group and accepted in one part of the community could develop slowly until, perhaps decades later, it received general support. But today, with almost instantaneous communication, the time lag between the first expression of a concept and a national discussion of it is extremely short. If an idea catches on, if it seems desirable to many articulate people, it is but a short step to demands for its instant implementation. Too often, little heed is given to the fact that basic changes cannot be easily made in a highly complex society.

All the large institutions from colleges and universities to corporations and trade unions are affected by strident demands for instant change. Since all institutions in a democratic society must have public consent to function effectively, it becomes vital for chief executives to be forewarned of impending change. Only with prior warning can they make the necessary adjustments before public outcry turns into social turmoil. Such turmoil makes it almost impossible for a large organization to carry on, since a good measure of stability is essential to its continuance.

To provide a distant early warning system, a sort of industrial DEW line, a handful of corporations have set up small staffs to watch for the beginnings of change in society that may affect them. But this attempt to detect and chart social change early is too often ignored by hard-driving managers to whom what is not day-to-day operations is a waste of time and effort.

Some five years ago, however, one farsighted trade association, the Institute of Life Insurance, began what it called a Future Outlook Study of some of the forces in and around business that were shaping its future. Out of this came a recommendation to develop some way for life insurance companies to keep in touch with emerging ideas that could result in social change affecting the members of the trade association.

The Institute of Life Insurance, founded in 1939 and made up of 162 life insurance companies representing some 85 per cent of the business, measured by assets, has two main functions: to inform the public about the life insurance business and to let its members know what the public is thinking. So the job of spotting the development of new ideas that could affect public opinion fell naturally into the Institute's orbit.

The Institute has an advantage over most other trade associations in that it is made up of presidents of companies, not secondary functionaries. As a result, it can more easily draw on its membership for manpower to staff a comprehensive program of future-scanning that a single company might not feel it could undertake. This lesson has general application in the field of public relations where, all too often, the best company decisions never see fruition because the top executive wasn't consulted at the outset.

Having made up its mind that the sources of ideas are in print—books, magazines, and newspapers—the Institute decided on a monitoring system in this area. A structural framework for the scanning operations was set up so that the work could be done on a systematic basis. Four general subjects were chosen: science and technology; social sciences; values, attitudes, and opinions; and political systems. Seven sources were marked out: government; academia; business; religion and ethics; forerunner organizations; intellectual media; and mass media. One hundred publications ranging from academic journals to leading daily publications were selected. The chief executives of companies belonging to the Institute were asked to provide people from their organizations to monitor the publications. The result was 100 monitors, one for each assignment. This method of recruiting provides the kind of diversity of background that in itself is valuable.

The monitors must follow certain criteria in choosing material: An article should reveal some meaningful information about impending change; the information in the article should have some long-range implication for the insurance business; the information should ultimately be relevant to the operating decisions management has to make. The articles that meet these criteria are abstracted by the monitors and sent to the Institute.

These abstracts are reviewed monthly by the Abstract Analysis Committee, which is made up of six members of the Institute's staff. This committee summarizes the abstracts and prepares reports that go on to the Steering Committee of eleven senior executives from insurance company members of the Institute who act as the board of directors of the project. The Steering Committee reviews the Abstract Analysis Committee's report and decides what to provide to the Institute's membership.

The Institute has named its early distant warning system the Trend Analysis Program. In June, the first trend report was sent to its members, and it is expected that it will be published quarterly. Issue No. 1 deals with the subjects of corporate responsibility, pensions, the work ethic, and ways to measure our society as we move from industrial to post-industrial. At the end of each subject-section, a series of questions that sharpen the problems outlined in each analysis is posed for life insurance managements. The June trend report runs to fourteen single-spaced typed pages.

In the covering letter of the first report, Blake T. Newton, president of the Institute of Life Insurance, makes this point to the members of his organization.

> You may find that some of the things you will read in this and later reports will be unbelievable to you, or will even make you angry. That is as it should be. Trend Analysis Program is not intended to give you a false sense of security. It is intended to help you get a better idea of what is going on that can affect the future of your company. That kind of information is not always comforting. But we would not be doing our jobs if we withheld from you, in the hope of not upsetting you, what appears to us to be information vital to your security and well-being—and that of our business.

New ideas and new trends are always upsetting to tradition-minded industry. But the Institute is doing its members, and business as a whole, a real service. Perhaps others of the 4,500 trade and professional associations in this country will follow the Institute's lead. And if they do, they may be able to adjust better to the demands of a society in upheaval, and to seek new goals and different approaches to what they believe is a better way of life.

—L. L. L. Golden.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 fH, 2gG, 3 l or e J, 4kE, 5cD, 6aK, 7eI, 8dM, 9 m or j A, 10 bL, 11iC, 12hF, 13 jB.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 36: sedate, teased, seated.

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Helsinki

Continued from page 65

overnight. The publishers either lost interest or were reluctant to provide any financial support. The university, which had never displayed a passionate enthusiasm for the project (after all, one must remember it was only recently that Cambridge recognized *sociology* as a discipline), abandoned it. Hopkinson was left with a carefully worked-out program and no support.

Through the efforts of another member of the Helsinki panel, Don Rowlands, director of Editorial Studies at the Thomson Foundation Editorial Study Centre in Cardiff, the Sussex project was transferred to University College, which welcomed the idea. Hopkinson is characteristically modest about it, but his first year has been a success, and, more than sixty years behind the United States, the United Kingdom at last has a university program in journalism.

The academic mixture at Cardiff is about the same as it is in professionally oriented American schools. Elie Abel, dean of the Graduate School of Journalism, Columbia University, was the panel's spokesman for this kind of school. While he was gracious and diplomatic about the communicologists, Dean Abel made it clear that Columbia would continue to be a professional school, reflecting his own thoroughgoing professionalism. In fact, Columbia is one of the schools where professional training and communications research, which is a minor part of the curriculum, successfully coexist. Such cooperation differs from the situation at many other schools, where either the researchers or the professionals feel unhappy, depending on which way the curriculum tips.

Simopekka Nortamo, editor of *Helsingin Sanomat*, Finland's excellent leading newspaper, was another member of the panel and was quite naturally predisposed toward the Sanoma School of Journalism, which is owned and financed by Sanoma Publishing Company, publishers of *Sanomat*, among other properties. Journalism training began in Finland as early as 1925, but the government-sponsored, Finnish-language training program begun then had turned out only 151 qualified journalists from its center in Tampere University by 1971. The Sanoma School was established in the spring of 1967, with three departments: a Graphic Trade School, a program for sales and office personnel, and the School of Journalism itself, all under the umbrella of the Sanoma Vocational School. This year the school took a pioneering step in Scandinavia by becoming the first to begin systematic training for picture editors and news photographers. More than 150 of the 250 journalists already employed by the company have taken at least one of the thirty-hour professional courses, and nearly 3,000 young men and women non-employees have applied to the school; only eighty-two have been accepted.

At Tampere, where communications research began in 1932, there is now a solid program that this fall will be under the direction of Kaarle Nordenstreng, the able young former director of research for Finnish Broadcasting.

Journalism training *does* mean professional training. That was the theme of much that was said by the panel members in Helsinki, who came from advanced countries. That it was even more the criterion for developing countries was emphasized by Don Rowlands, who discussed the training programs for people from these nations at the Thomson Centre. They are working journalists who have responsible jobs on their papers back home and who expect to return to their countries better equipped by advanced instruction. Lord Thomson operates a similar school for television personnel in Glasgow.

In Europe, journalism training unquestionably concentrates on the professional approach, but communications research thrives and is expanding. In nearly every European country, there is at least one research training center, and some are engaged in programs as comprehensive as those in America. There is, however, one significant difference. In Europe, most of these programs are not in the schools of journalism, which are likely to be operated by the government or by editorial trade unions, but are attached rather to the faculties of law, philosophy, sociology (where it exists as a discipline), psychology, or political science. This arrangement may, in the end, be the best answer for America.

More and more students are coming into journalism these days. Next to law, it attracts more recruits than any other university department. These students have discovered that the media are the best means to reach the minds and hearts of people. This movement into journalism comes at a time when technological change is rapidly altering the face of the industry, requiring more and more professional training techniques. The result may be to push professional training and communications research toward the divorce court, throwing research into the arms of other academic disciplines and giving the professional schools more space to develop, against the day, which is surely not too distant, when "vocational" will no longer be a dirty word in academia.

Letters

Continued from page 58

He told me what had been paid for this splashing composition. And he added wearily, "You know, Miss Elliot—nobody really *likes* to read."

The memory of that moment has remained fresh over—can it be fifty years or more? However, I *still* like to read, and this issue of *SR* gave me an especially nostalgic pleasure.

GABRIELLE E. FORBUSH,
Washington, D.C.

Time—and Newsreels—March On!

I MAY LACK the timeliness of old newsreels, but I nevertheless had to comment on John Tebbel's piece "The Eyes and Ears of the World" [*SR*, June 12]. In referring to that *New Yorker* cartoon, he quoted the caption inaccurately and thereby missed a very significant point in newsreel history. Peter Arno, in that drawing, wrote, "Come along. We're going to the Trans-Lux to hiss Roosevelt."

You see, to the newsreel companies and newsmen, Trans-Lux was "the big apple"—the premiere Broadway showcase for "hot" newsreels right out of the labs. In March 1931, this country's first exclusively newsreel theater, the Trans-Lux, opened on Madison Avenue and 58th Street. Two months later, another Trans-Lux newsreel theater opened on Broadway, near 49th Street.

The Madison Avenue spot gave way to new building construction some years ago, and the Broadway theater was completely gutted in 1967 to become a first-run motion picture theater, renamed the Trans-Lux West.

On opening night, May 15, 1931, patrons at the Trans-Lux saw an air armada soaring over Chicago, an auto race in England, the capture of a Bengal tiger, rumblings in Cuba, Graham McNamee describing a play enacted by deaf mutes, and the death of producer-playwright David Belasco—a total of thirty-six news events.

The theater had a turnstile, and two bits (25 cents) in the slot was the tariff. Gone was the uniformed doorman then so typical in Broadway houses, and gone was the Stygian darkness of other movie theaters. Trans-Lux had introduced the "daylight" screen—rear screen projection—so that lights in the auditorium could be partially lit, a boon to patrons who had become more familiar with groping in the dark than dancing in it.

Up until the day the Trans-Lux Broadway finally shuttered on April 16, 1967, passersby could see lines forming around the block every Tuesday and Friday. On these days, the newsreel program changed and, for 85 cents, one could see both the old show and the new one—Broadway's biggest bargain. The largest patronage on these days invariably came from show people, mostly retired vaudevillians living in the small sidestreet hotels in the Broadway area.

Time marches on!

ALBERT BOYARS,
Director of Advertising & Publicity,
Trans-Lux Corporation,
New York, N.Y.

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(Continued on page 74)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1953

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any of several Old World monkeys or lemurs	21 25 47 61 139 69
B. Deviating from truth, rectitude, propriety; not normal	84 155 174 182 194 35 57 80
C. Ancient city of Lycia, W Asia Minor, in present Turkey	96 115 126 137 162 15 43
D. Mischievous	64 124 143 170 14 44
E. Pipsissewa (2 wds.)	67 92 165 171 177 54 90 106 112
F. Scullery, as in a monastery	129 76 190 9 23
G. Cream puff, pushover	114 55 187 5 39
H. Variety of rummy for two players	72 99 118 154 8 42 79
I. Terrifying	81 105 133 147 184 18 108 152
J. Goddess of vengeance, daughter of Erebus and Nyx	4 7 128 146 157 10 53
K. Sealed bulb containing solutions for hypodermic injection	120 135 145 150 158 22 27
L. In an unrestrained manner	28 31 51 71 78 98 149
M. Followed by WORD O: epithet of William Joyce	130 141 159 37

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. "The race is not to ——" (2 wds., Ecc. 9:11)	40 63 73 88 1 12 93 101
O. See WORD M (comp.)	183 193 36 77 102 169
P. Portion of a clock or watch that measures beats and controls the speed of the going train	192 94 109 125 62 75 178 3 16 34
Q. Method of dyeing fabrics, using wax as a dye repellent	49 66 103 117 168
R. Exalted or exaggerated expression of enthusiasm	20 176 179 97 107 131 68 83
S. Satan (2 wds.)	144 24 132 140 13 41 48 116 65 189
T. Alaskan volcano that erupted in 1931	29 74 100 142 33 85 2 163 110
U. Capital of Côte d'Or dept., France	127 138 180 19 113
V. Dictatorial, domineering	30 58 111 46 191
W. Chisel used to roughhew sculpture	95 173 136 52 86 6 166 122 56
X. Check the motion of a ship (2 wds.)	121 153 45 164 186
Y. Fling, binge, spree	11 32 167 175
Z. Dept. of France whose capital is Chartres (comp.)	82 151 60 156 160 185 172 181 17 50 89
Z^1. English playwright ("Separate Tables")	38 134 91 161 104 59 148 119
Z^2. 2nd mate of the Pequod	123 188 87 26 70

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

			1 N	2 T	3 P	4 J		5 G	6 W	7 J		8 H	9 F	10 J	11 Y	12 N
13 S	14 D		15 C	16 P	17 Z	18 I	19 U	20 R	21 A	22 K	23 F		24 S	25 A	26 Z^2	27 K
28 L		29 T		30 V	31 L	32 Y	33 T		34 P	35 B	36 O	37 M	38 Z^1	39 G		40 N
41 S	42 H	43 C	44 D	45 X		46 V	47 A	48 S	49 Q	50 Z	51 L	52 W	53 J		54 E	55 G
56 W	57 B	58 V	59 Z^1	60 Z	61 A	62 P	63 N	64 D	65 S		66 Q	67 E	68 R		69 A	70 Z^2
71 L	72 H	73 N	74 T	75 P		76 F	77 O	78 L	79 H		80 B	81 I	82 Z	83 R		84 B
85 T	86 W	87 Z^2	88 N	89 Z		90 E	91 Z^1		92 E	93 N		94 P	95 W	96 C	97 R	98 L
99 H	100 T	101 N	102 O	103 Q	104 Z^1	105 I	106 E		107 R	108 I	109 P	110 T		111 V	112 E	113 U
114 G	115 C	116 S	117 Q	118 H	119 Z^1	120 K	121 X	122 W	123 Z^2	124 D		125 P	126 C	127 U		128 J
129 F	130 M	131 R	132 S	133 I	134 Z^1	135 K	136 W	137 C	138 U	139 A		140 S	141 M	142 T	143 D	
144 S	145 K	146 J	147 I	148 Z^1		149 L	150 K	151 Z		152 I	153 X	154 H		155 B	156 Z	
157 J	158 K	159 M	160 Z		161 Z^1	162 C	163 T	164 X		165 E	166 W	167 Y	168 Q		169 O	170 D
171 E	172 Z		173 W	174 B		175 Y	176 R	177 E		178 P	179 R	180 U	181 Z	182 B		183 O
184 I	185 Z		186 X	187 G		188 Z^2	189 S	190 F		191 V	192 P	193 O	194 B			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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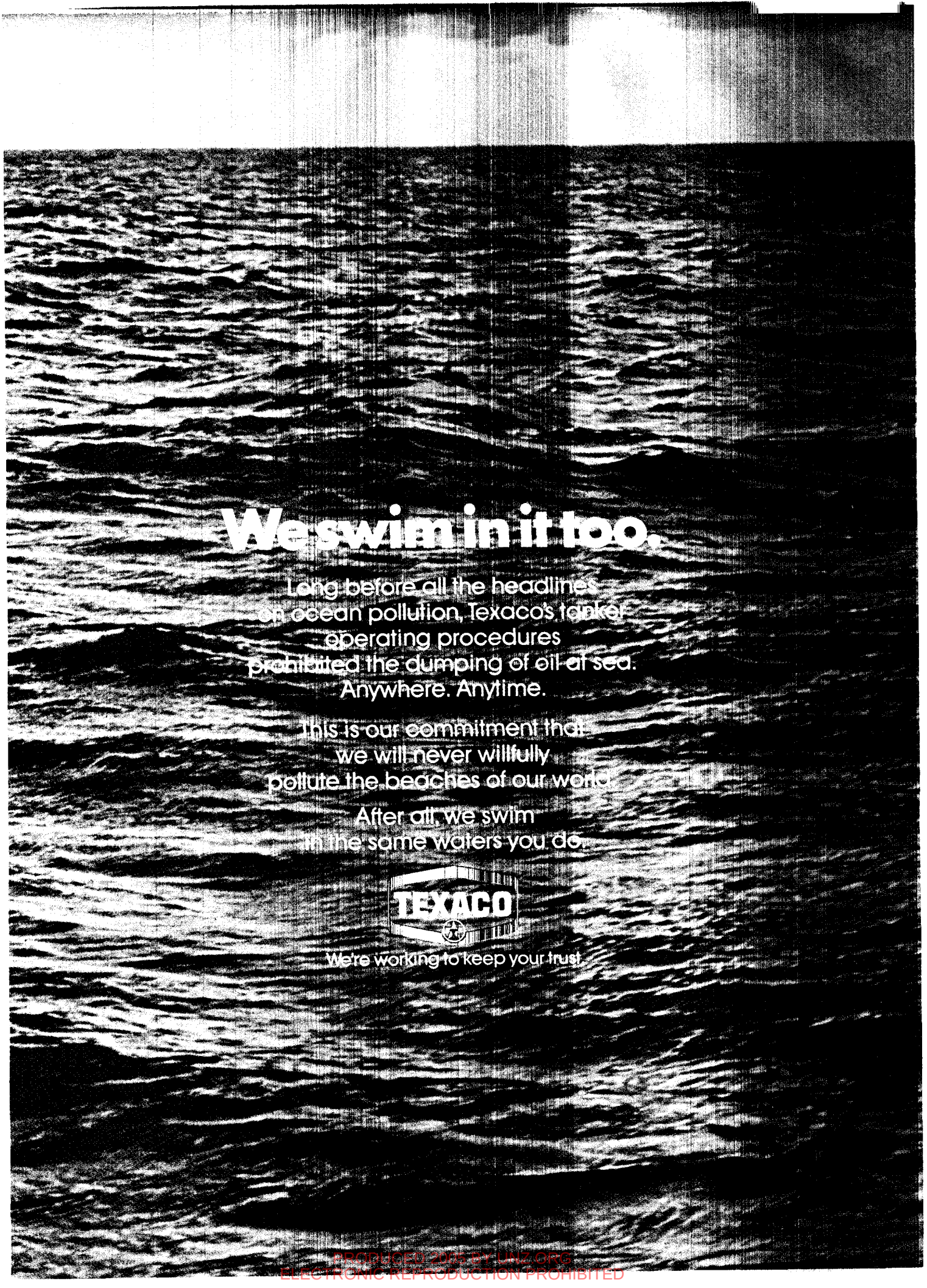
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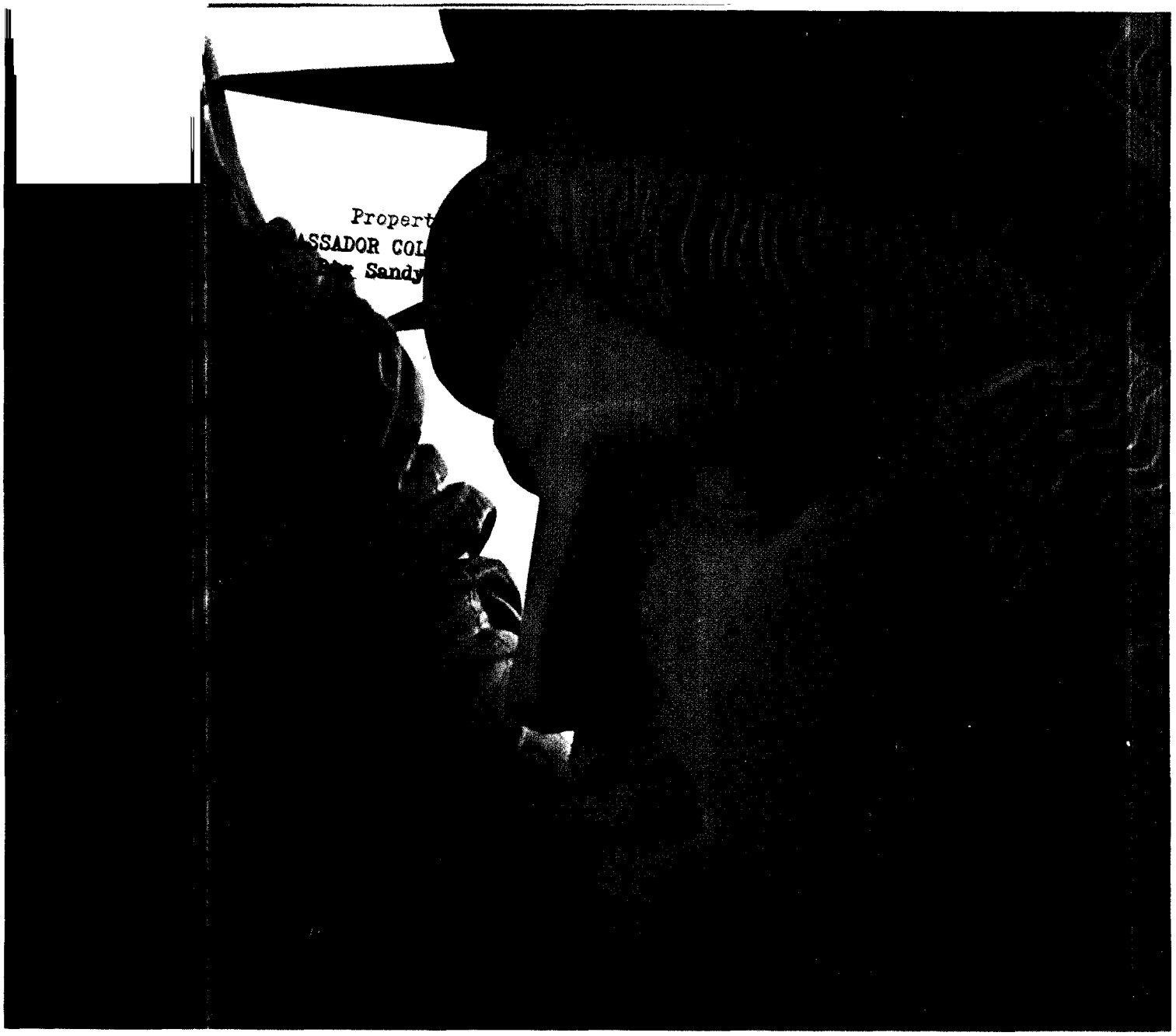

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